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May 27, 1930
Vol. 36, No. 847

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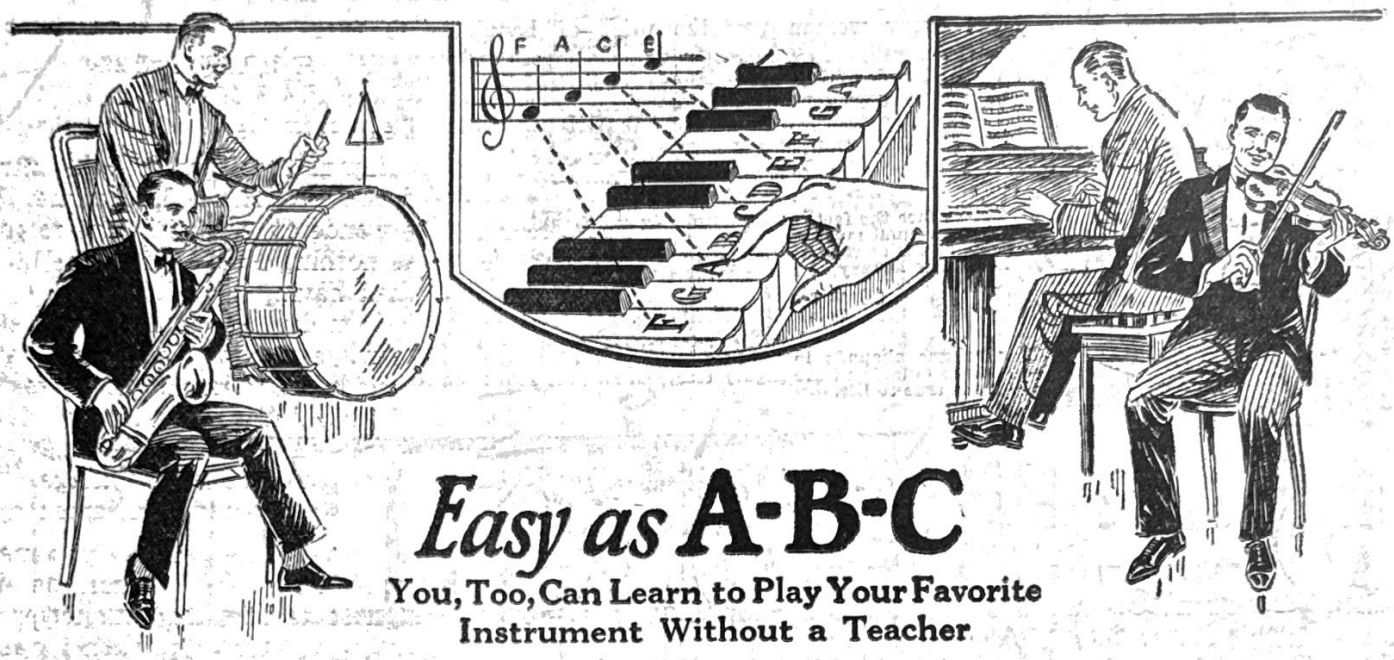

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Redemption

By

ETHEL ROSEMON

"I see a dark man. Yes, he will be your husband."

"I SEE a dark man. Yes, he will be your husband."

"But I am going to marry this gentleman—and, if he is dark, so is the sun."

Lisa Pavlovna smiled affectionately at her handsome blond companion who stood on the carriage step beside her as the gypsy bent over her hand.

"A dark man—he will be your husband," the old woman persisted obstinately.

"My dear, I'll have to dye my hair black—that's all there is to it," Victor laughed as with a nod he dismissed the fortune teller.

They had stopped in their late afternoon drive on the edge of a cool, green forest where a gypsy band was making merry with song and dance, Lisa, her mother and her fiance. A fascinating sight it was, the crackling flames of the camp fire sending up their cheery brightness into the slowly enveloping dusk, the soft murmur of string instruments, the gay lilt of wild, free melodies.

Suddenly a cheer resounded through the trees as a laughing-eyed, dark-haired young man galloped through the opening on a snow-white charger and, with a cheery greeting, dismounted in the group. A gypsy girl threw a garland of flowers about his neck and he leaped across the flames and clasped her in his arms, while the band shouted approval. Her scarlet lips were raised to his, his smiling ones were bent to meet them when he stopped short and stood gazing at the lovely blonde girl who was watching him from the steps of the carriage. His arms dropped from about the gypsy maiden and, with a few rapid strides he was at the side of the golden-haired visitor and was placing the flowered garland about her throat.

"Pardon me," he said, his voice mingling gay mischief, fervent sincerity, "but you know it is the custom here today—a stranger may offer a lady flowers and she musn't refuse—under penalty of death." He stepped back to get a better view of the garland. "Really, now more than ever I approve of the custom," he laughed, his dark eyes fixed on her blue ones in frank admiration.

At that moment Victor, who had strolled a few steps away, came forward, a frown shadowing his face. The newcomer turned and a smile of recognition dispelled the frown.

"Ah, Fedya, it's you!" he greeted. "What mischief were you up to when I—"

"Introduce me," the other urged in a low voice.

"Elizabeth Pavlovna, my fiancee, Fedya Protosov, and her mother, Madame Pavlovna."

The dark-eyed one bent over the girl's hand. She

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"You know, Lisa, he's all I needed to make me realize what a fool I've been."

caught the look in the glowing depths and hastily withdrew her hand with a nervous smile.

"It is our first visit to the gypsy camp," she said, trying to make her voice sound casual. "Do you come here often?"

"Very often," he told her, glancing over his shoulder at the sparkling fire. "Something about their life delights me. I believe it is their music, beautiful music."

"Yes, beautiful but barbaric," Victor put in.

"I'm afraid I'm a barbarian and always shall be " Fedya laughed. "I'm forever swearing not to my time with the gypsies and yet I'm always back."

e really must be going now," Madame Pav- interrupted, sensing the underlying electric and rendered uncomfortable by it, and, as stood looking after them, the carriage drove away down the cool green of the wooded

"We went to school together," Victor explained as drove on. "He is of excellent family. At one time he had a lot of money but he has wasted most of it. He is really a charming fellow but as irresponsible and changeable as the wind."

"He's very handsome," Lisa commented softly. "Doesn't he do anything?"

"Nothing—that's the trouble," her fiance told her. "He's not bad but he isn't good. He'd rather laugh than cry, rather sing than work. One day he's madly in love; the next he's chasing the moon over the hills. Poor Fedya—he's just a good-natured, charming maniac."

"But he is attractive," the girl said dreamily.

A MONTH went quickly by, a month of golden days when Fedya's white charger was often seen stamping the ground outside the high-walled garden of the Pavlovna home while its dark-eyed rider leaned against the gray stone and whispered to the sweet-faced girl who smiled down upon him.

"It isn't fair to Victor," Lisa often protested, a cloud of regret shadowing the blue of her eyes. "That's the one thought in my mind all the time—it isn't fair to him. He loves me deeply, gives me all his affection, while I—"

"You've nothing to be ashamed of," Fedya always interrupted.

"But I am ashamed," she insisted, "terribly. I think Victor is the best man I know, so good to everyone—"

"Believe me, Lisa, I know that Victor is a good man," Fedya agreed, "and that all this isn't fair to him and, yet, while my mind tells me I am doing wrong, my heart tells me I am doing right."

Then came the day when Lisa slipped back the bolt on the great iron gate and admitted Fedya to the grounds of her home. A boat lay at anchor near the shore and the calm, sun-streaked water called its romance to them and they obeyed the call. And, as they drifted over the silent lake, they knew, knew that the song that sang in their hearts could never be stilled. It had been singing there during the ages, would continue to sing down the ceaseless march of the years. Madame Pavlovna protested when they told her of their love, but Victor bore his disappointment with a brave smile. No one could ever fill Lisa's place in his heart but her happiness was what counted most. If she could find it with the charming vagabond who was his friend, he would let no shadow of his own loneliness cross her path.

A YEAR passed, a year in which Fedya found his world in the smiles of his lovely bride. It seemed that the wanderlust had gone forever, that his roaming heart was content to sit by the fireside of his domestic bliss. Then suddenly he grew restless. The gambling table saw him more and more frequently. Occasionaly first, then more often he stumbled home in the early morning to be greeted by the white-faced girl with eyes of reproach. Each time he expressed his regret, gave her his promise to reform—and each time he meant it. But she bore with him patiently. Fedya was good at heart and the time would come—

When the doctors first permitted him to see his baby son, he knelt beside his wife's bed with worship softening the glowing darkness of his eyes.

"You know, Lisa," he breathed, "he's all I needed to make me realize what a fool I've been. I know

---

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation based on the play, "Redemption," produced by Arthur Hopkins from Lyof Tolstoi's play, "The Living Corpse". Dorothy Farnum wrote the scenario, Edwin Justus Mayer the dialogue and Fred Niblo directed, with John Gilbert appearing as Fedya, Renee Adoree as Masha, Conrad Nagel as Victor, Eleanor Boardman as Lisa, Clair McDowell as Anna Pavlovna, Augustin Borgato as Petushkov, Charles Quartermaine as Artimiev and George Spelvin as the magistrate.

that my happiness lies only with you. I've made an idiot of myself at times, but, Lisa, you'll see from now on—"

"You'll be good now, won't you," she begged with pathetic eagerness, "as good as you were during our first year together?"

"Good?" he laughed. "Inside of a year they'll be making me a saint."

But soon even the baby's tiny hands, his faint cooing failed to keep the father at home. The joy of living, the craving for adventure ran riot in his veins and took him on long journeys away from his love. The roulette wheel, the card table, the flowing red liquid, these marked the first stages of his return to vagabondage. Again Lisa sat alone night after night, listening for her baby's cry from the next room, for the father's stumbling steps through the silent darkness.

"You mustn't ask too much of me, Fedya," she told him one night. "There's a strain under which all of us must finally break."

"The miracle is you haven't broken already," he said contritely. "Oh, to think that for a wretch like me you threw over a man like Victor!"

"Don't say things like that," she begged. "They hurt me too much."

"Yes, yes, that's just it," he exclaimed. "Look at Victor, your mother, yourself. I mean well but I hurt every person who comes near me. I'm no good."

"You are good," she protested, "but you mustn't put any further strain on me. You must know, Fedya, whatever my feelings, we can't go on as we've been doing. It's impossible for me—and the baby, too."

Again he promised. If he broke his word this time, he would go his own way alone and she would not be bothered with him any longer. Again she insisted upon paying his gambling debts, for his own fortune was now entirely dissipated and she would not have the world cast questioning glances on the man to whom she had given her love. He meant to keep his promise, meant it more than ever now that little Fedya was beginning to take baby note of his homecomings, but he did not seem able to resist the forces of the vagabond world that were calling to his soul. Even his home went under the auctioneer's hammer to pay his gambling debts and, against his protest, was bid in by Victor who prevailed upon him to take it back for the sake of Lisa and his son. Again Fedya vowed that he would change his ways. He owed it now to the man who had never failed to prove himself his friend. But again the vagabond world called to him and again he answered the call. Even the great love Lisa bore him, a love that would last for life no matter how it was tried, could not tame his wandering spirit. Disgusted with himself, with his inability to cope with the forces that drew him from his home, he kept his vow to leave her. It was the kindest thing he could do for her, for little Fedya, he decided. So

Masha gave to Fedya all the devotion of her ardent young heart but she knew he would never love her as he loved the golden-haired woman who was his wife.

he wrote to her, telling her that it was all over between them. That hurt her, bewildered her so that she agreed to a separation.

Then followed for the wife hopeless days, anguished nights. Anything was better than not to see him at all. In her grief and loneliness she turned to the one who had stood by her in all her trouble—and Victor agreed to look for Fedya, to deliver the letter she had written, begging him to come home, telling him that she had forgotten everything, that she was waiting for him, she and little Fedya.

VICTOR found his friend in a rendezvous of the gypsies where all was gaiety, music and laughter. He was reclining on a couch in the hazy forgetfulness induced by liquor and beside him sat a gypsy girl, Masha, who had just finished a song, a song in which she breathed her love for this member of another race who had come into their midst. And not only did Masha reveal her love in her singing but her lips as they met Fedya's told it, she whispered it in his ear as she pressed her glowing face to his.

"But I am married and you belong to this gypsy troupe," he reminded. "They would never let you leave it and—"

"The troupe is one thing and my heart is another," she told him. "I love those I love and I hate those I hate."

At the entrance of Victor, Fedya dismissed the girl with a nod and invited the visitor to drink with him, but Victor waved the invitation aside and immediately made known the reason for his call.

"Please don't think that I am drunk and don't realize what you are saying," was Fedya's reply.

(Continued on page 24)

DIVORCEE

By VAL LEWTON

"JUST one more, please, Jerry," Ted pleaded, drawing the girl beside him into his arms. They kissed ardently. As Jerry drew back, she blinked two or three times and shook her head as if in bewilderment.

"Goodness, Ted," she exclaimed, "my head's going around and around like a pinwheel."

"And my heart's beating like a steam-riveter! Feel." He drew her hand over his heart. "When did you first know you loved me?" he asked.

"The very first minute I saw you."

Ted smiled into her eyes.

"You peach, Jerry! You know I'm poor. All newspapermen are. But I'll go back to my job—they'll raise my pay. And the minute I'm making enough to marry—"

"You talk as if you were marrying my grandmother," Jerry interrupted him. "What'll I be doing while you're saving your first million?"

"Won't you wait for me?"

"Waiting isn't my idea of the king of indoor sports. Is it yours? Listen, Ted, we want to live together. Then, why don't we?"

"Jerry!"

"Don't be scared. My intentions are strictly honorable. But I've no notion of hanging around three or four years while you harvest an additional crop of wild oats."

"Oh, come on, I'm not that bad."

"On the other hand, you're no Saint Anthony. You're human—so am I. I don't want to wait for you."

"Gee, Jerry, you say it straight."

"I'm not afraid of the truth."

"It's one thing I love about you. You've a man's point of view."

"Yes, and that's one reason why our marriage'll be a success, because I'll always see your side, too—fifty-fifty. I want to do my share, anyway. I want to go on working. I've a good start—and we won't care if the going's rough or smooth as long as we're together."

Again he took her in his arms and she surrendered herself to his embrace. An idea crossed her mind and she drew back, offering her hand as a man would offer it.

"Shake on it."

"Right."

They shook hands like two men.

"And, whatever comes," Jerry said, "I promise to take it like a man."

He took her in his arms again and asked eagerly:

"When'll you marry me? Tomorrow?"

"Goodness, no."

"Next week?"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Next month?"

"Maybe."

"The first? That's three whole weeks off. The first? Say yes, Jerry. The first? I'm going to keep you here till you say yes! Say yes!"

"Yes," she responded happily.

They kissed again.

"We've got to go now," Jerry urged. "Dinner must be ready and I promised Paul I'd see him before dinner."

"Oh, bother Paul!" Ted exclaimed with a grin.

"He's so attached to me—I'm a little worried about him."

"But he hasn't any right to be, has he?"

"No more right than the right of a good friend," Jerry answered as they got to their feet and, with their arms about each other, started back for the fishing lodge of Jerry's father, Dr. Bernard.

As they lingered on the porch for a final embrace before entering the house, Paul, who had been instructed to look for them, threw open the door, then stepped back a pace as he saw their lover-like attitude. Jerry could not help but note the look of pain and disappointment that spread over his handsome face.

Don, Ted's best friend, was the first to greet them.

"Where have you been, an', if so, why? Remember, everything that you say will be used against you. Answer yes or no!" he said in the manner of a court official arraigning prisoners.

Jerry disregarded him and approached her father.

"Father, you don't mind? I'm so happy."

"You'd think it made a difference whether I did or not!" he smiled.

The entire party, Dr. Bernard's guests, crowded about Jerry with congratulations and good wishes. A pretty blonde girl, Dorothy, who had always had a soft spot for Paul in her rather shop-worn heart, came over to where he stood, his face a mask of dejection.

"How about a drink?" she asked.

"Why?" he countered.

"Oh, it makes the world a little brighter sometimes."

She extended a glass to him and he drained it. By the time the party was ready to embark in the various automobiles and return to town, Paul had

---

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Ursula Parrott. John Meehan wrote the continuity and dialogue and Robert Z. Leonard directed, with Norma Shearer appearing as Jerry, Chester Morris as Ted, Conrad Nagel as Paul, Robert Montgomery as Don, Florence Eldridge as Helen, Helene Millard as Mary, Robert Elliot as Bill, Mary Doran as Janice, Tyler Brooke as Hank, Zelda Sears as Hannah, George Irving as Doctor Bernard and Helen Johnson as Dorothy.

drunk himself into a wild, reckless humor. Despite the pleas of Dorothy's sister, Mary, he insisted upon driving. His car set off before the others. He drove it wildly, swinging it carelessly around curves and avoiding obstacles by mere inches. From the rumble seat Mary frantically begged him to drive slower but he did not listen to her.

Then a bridge—a tree—a rail fence loomed up in the glare of the headlights. He jerked the wheel desperately to one side. There was a rending crash of splintered wood and the car went through the bridge rail, turned over and landed on its back in a small gulley.

The other cars pulled up with a grinding of brakes and people began running up. Paul was the first to be pulled out from under the wreck. Blood was running from his face and his arm hung limply at his side.

Mary was the second one they rescued.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" she screamed frantically. "Sister, where are you? Help!"

Ted and Dr. Bernard were the first to reach the scene of the accident. They pulled Dorothy out.

She isn't—" Jerry asked, running up to them.

"No, she's alive. Lift her—we've got to get her to a hospital," Dr. Bernard answered.

"Don't look at her," Ted cautioned Mary but he was not quick enough to stop her.

She took one glance at her sister's face and drew back, shuddering, wild-eyed, murmuring:

"I never saw anything so terrible. I hope she dies." As Jerry tried to draw her away, she bumped into Paul. "There he is!" she screamed. "I asked you not to drive. If she's killed, you'll pay for it. Got drunk because Jerry threw you down and now you've wrecked my sister's life. If there's any way of making you pay for this—"

Jerry drew her away.

FOUR weeks later two weddings were celebrated. In a beautiful church on Park avenue, Dr. Bernard gave the hand of his daughter, Jerry, to Ted. At this wedding the organ pealed and the choir sang and Don was Ted's best man. They had champagne at the reception and everything went along merrily. No one thought of Dot with her face mutilated for life, or of Paul who must always have this on his conscience.

The other wedding was the wedding of Paul and Dorothy. They were married at the hospital where the girl still lingered between life and death. Mary was a witness to the wedding, but her attitude was as threatening toward Paul as if she were forcing him to marry her sister.

FOR three years, Ted and Jerry were very happy. Jerry did well in business, winning fame and wealth as one of the most original advertising copywriters in the dress field. Ted worked hard and succeeded in making his name well known, a synonym for brilliant reporting.

"You're not such a sterling character with my arms about you."

On their third anniversary Jerry was busy in her apartment when Ted came in.

"Hello, Jerry, many happy returns of the day!" he cried, taking her in his arms and holding her close. "Look what I brought you! Surprise!"

He put in her hand a ring case containing a large emerald.

"Oh, Ted," she cried, "you adorable, extravagant wretch! You must have robbed a bank."

"It used to be my mother's. Had it reset for you," he explained. "You know about my having to go to Chicago. The city editor was broken-hearted because he had to send me on my third wedding anniversary."

"Shame you've got to go," Jerry said. "Helen and Don are gathering a crowd to give us a party."

"Go ahead! You can celebrate for two."

"I'll miss you like the devil, Ted."

"Did I ever happen to mention what a wonderful girl you are?"

"It seems to me you have," Jerry answered.

They kissed happily.

A few moments later Don and Helen, an ex-wife, and a few others came in. When the hubbub of greeting was over, Helen suddenly remembered that she had not introduced one of the guests to hostess. She turned to this woman.

"Oh, I forgot. Janice—I don't know your last name."

"When you say unfaithfulness doesn't mean anything, Ted, do you include women as well as men?"

Janice, an attractive brunette, answered:

"Meredith, Mrs. Dixon Meredith, just a floating grass widow."

"We met her in a restaurant where we stopped off. She said she knew Ted and was lonesome."

"Who's the handsome man on my left?" Jerry said cordially to Janice.

"Hello, Ted," Janice greeted him.

Ted nodded, a scowl darkening his brows for a moment.

"And you know Bill?" Helen went on.

"Yes, indeed," Jerry smiled.

"Ted, shake hands with Bill Baldwin. He owns Arkansas and Texas," Don introduced the two men.

The next moment Helen jumped up and stood on a chair.

"Silence in the court. I wish to announce on this happy occasion—because of the blissful example set me by my young friends here—I shall one week from tomorrow, in the Little Church Around the Corner, go trippingly and blushingly up the aisle with the gentleman from Arkansas!"

"Oh, Helen!" Jerry exclaimed delightedly, throwing her arms about her friend's shoulders.

"Back for my wedding, Ted?" Helen asked.

"Sure, wouldn't miss it!"

"Ted, there's White Rock in the pantry," Jerry suggested. "Why don't you go and mix a drink?"

"I'll help you," Janice volunteered.

When they were alone in the pantry, Ted turned to her and asked:

"What in blazes did you horn in on this party for?"

"I wanted to get a look at the woman who stood between us," she laughed.

"It's my wedding anniversary—it's not decent," Ted protested.

"Why haven't I heard from you in a month?"

"Conscience."

"You're not that old-fashioned."

"Look here, Janice—I was cockeyed and you know it."

"You're not such a sterling character with my arms about you," she said, sliding her hands over his shoulders and bringing her body close to his.

"For God's sake, Janice—cut this—" Ted began, trying to put down the glasses he held in his hands and unwind her arms from about his neck when Jerry entered.

Gathering herself quickly together, she said calmly:

"A little cramped for room, aren't you?"

"Gosh! If I could think as fast as that, I'd have stayed married," Janice answered.

"Think of all the fun you'd have missed," Jerry smiled, picking up a carton of cigarettes. "You've got a train to catch, Ted."

"I hadn't forgotten."

"Really? Good! And you've got some guests who are thirsty. I'm going to dress."

"Ha! That gal's real opposition," Janice commented when they were alone again.

"You're not! Get that straight!"

They rejoined the others in the next room and then Ted made his excuses and went into the bedroom.

"Ready, Jerry?" he asked in a voice he strove to make unconcerned. "Darned shame I've got to get on that train, isn't it?"

"Yes, Janice and I shall both miss you."

"Oh, Jerry," Ted protested.

She came up to him and put her arms around his neck, pressing her body close to his as Janice had done and languishing in further imitation of the grass widow.

"Do you like this pose, Ted?" she asked.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jerry," he protested.

"Something in the way she looked at you made me want to kill her," she said, gazing at him intently. "Am I right?"

There was a pause.

"You know I won't lie to you," he said finally.

"Oh! Then she has a right to look at you anyway she likes?"

Ted nodded, and Jerry, hurt to the quick, sat down abruptly on the bed. All the life had gone out of her.

"Now, see here, Jerry," Ted argued, "I'm as sorry

as the devil, of course, but don't you get to overplaying this. There's nothing to it. Come on, snap out of it. I don't care a snap of my fingers for any woman in the world but you. You're out in the world doing a man's work—you've always said you had a man's point of view. Listen, darling, please believe me, it doesn't mean a thing."

"Oh, yes, of course, we're celebrating our third anniversary, aren't we? All right, Ted, I won't spoil it. We'll think another time."

"Right."

He reached out as if to take her in his arms but she avoided him.

"And that, too. We'll do that—another time."

"Dot married the man she loved. So did I. Only she is trying to hang on and I didn't."

TED left for Chicago that night and, despite frantic calls back to his apartment from Harmon where the train stopped for six minutes, he was unable to get in touch with his wife to try again to patch things up.

And Jerry, too, was suffering. Late that evening when she returned from the party, which she could not stand because of Janice's presence, Don was with her. He was slightly drunk and she was too weary to protest when he followed her into the apartment.

In the early morning, her hair straggling negligently over her evening wrap, she staggered up to the door of Helen's apartment and rang the bell. Her friend let her in.

"Jerry darling," she said, taking her hands and drawing her into the hall, "come in! Your telephone message frightened me almost to death. Your hands are like ice. Sit down, dear."

"I had to see you—and now—I can't tell you," Jerry said, sinking down on a sofa.

"You don't have to tell me anything. I think I know from your message. Oh, if only I had gone home with you last night. It was Don, wasn't it?"

"What difference does it make who it was?"

"Don! And he and Ted have been friends for years. If it had been anybody else—Listen, Jerry, pull yourself together so I can talk to you."

"I've made a bad mess of it, Helen."

"You're still in love with Ted, aren't you?"

"I never knew how much till now," Jerry said passionately.

"You've got one chance. Never mention tonight to anyone but me!"

"I can't promise that."

"You must," Helen went on seriously. "You must. What do you think Ted would say?"

"I don't know."

"You bet you don't. All the palaver about latitude—just hooey! Jerry, you want to go on with Ted, don't you?"

Jerry nodded.

"Then forget it—say nothing."

"I can't do that, Helen."

"Why not?"

"I can't. He loves me. He believes in me."

THE morning sun was streaming in through the windows of Jerry's and Ted's apartment the day he returned from Chicago. Jerry was busy getting breakfast. Every now and again she turned nervously and looked out the window to see if he was coming. Finally, with her heart beating a tattoo against her ribs, she saw him alight from a taxi and start for the door. She turned again to her cooking in an effort to put off, if possible, the moment of meeting.

"Oh, Jerry!" he called as he came in.

"Look out, you'll get burned," she said, interposing a tray between them to avoid his embrace.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" he asked petulantly.

"I love you, so why not?" she asked, offering him her lips coldly. "Tiresome trip?"

"Yeh. Confounded nuisance—lot of big dinners—bald heads and double chins—you know—very stupid." Just before they sat down to their breakfast, Ted put his arm about her and drew her toward him, thinking of everything they had been through. "Gee, Jerry, why didn't you answer the wires I sent you?"

"Oh, there was a lot to think about and the longer you wait the more sense you have," she answered.

(Continued on page 27)

Life isn't all play and fun for "Our Gang", especially since the talkies have become the rage. They must now turn linguists. The camera caught them learning French lines from Miss Zulme Knowlton. Their comedies will be made in German and Spanish also. It looks like a "Tough Winter" (the name of their first picture to be made in a foreign language) for the kids.

THAT'S

By RUTH

ON THE thirty-fifth anniversary of the late Rudolph Valentino's birthday, a statue to the world's most popular picture star was unveiled in De Longpre Park, Hollywood. The statue, called "Inspiration", the work of Roger Noble Burnham, was paid for by the actor's friends and admirers and was dedicated by Dolores Del Rio. According to report, the city commissioners did not take kindly to having the statue placed in the park, contending that it would form a precedent, and it bears no resemblance to the universal favorite, this being part of the agreement under which its erection was permitted. Bringing happiness to millions of people should make one a public benefactor. Why hesitate to recognize that fact?

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is well stocked with parents these days. As everyone knows, Doug is his papa and Mary Pickford is his step-mama. And now Jack Whiting has arrived on the First National lot. Jack is young Doug's mother's husband—so there you are. And Joan Crawford, Mrs. Junior, has in-laws to burn, that is, if Joan were the kind that delights in burning thoughts.

Polly Moran is demonstrating her new invention which enables one to indulge in one's favorite breakfast fruit and still keep one's eyes intact.

* * *

Eddie Quillan, Pathe's popular young comedian, has a friend who has changed her name to Beverly Hill, for purposes of numerology or something. Eddie says he thinks he'll change his name to Culver City, they're so close.

The "doggiest" preview on record is reported from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where several scores of mutts, mongrels and pedigreed dogs attended a preview of "The Dogville Murder Mystery", new canine talking feature which employs the same actors as "Hot Dog" and "College Hounds". Among the guests were Anita Page's police dog, Charles Bickford's wolfhound, and W. S. Van Dyke's South Sea hunting hound. After the showing, members of the cast took bows and wows.

* * *

Once upon a time there was employed at the Paramount Hollywood Studios a cameraman whose name was John Smith or Bill Jones or something like that. On a certain occasion he was lining up a scene of "Follow Thru".

"Stand where you are," he called to Jack Haley, actor, who was on the set. "Mark his feet! Mark his Feet," he then shouted.

"Who's this guy, Marcus Feat?" Jack asked as an assistant cameraman came forward to draw chalk lines around his feet to mark his position on the set.

And, to this day, Smith or Jones or whatever his name was is known to motion picture folks only as "Marcus Feat".

* * *

Prizefighters who regulate their weight to the pound for action in the ring are setting an example to movie stars. Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith and others now "weigh in" for a role at the figure best suited for the part and for the dresses they must wear in it.

Experience gained when the dieting fad struck Hollywood has aided the players in getting down or up to their best weight. Taking

THAT

RAND

regular exercise also taught them how to remove poundage. There is hardly a player of importance now who doesn't have a scale in his home or dressing room and follow its figures closely.

At the First National Studio, the casting office now suggests to a player the weight that will suit him best for a forthcoming part. Of course, the amount is always open to argument, but all the contract performers have learned to vary the figure a few pounds either way for the type of role they assume.

Alice White was the first actress to make a practice of weight specialization. Alice's normal weight is 109. While choosing a wardrobe for "Show Girl in Hollywood", in which she plays a film star, she learned that the role called for tight-fitting dresses. Alice immediately went on a diet and with exercise took off two and one-half pounds. That gave her the snappy contours appropriate to the dancing, singing Dixie Dugan of the J. P. McEvoy story.

Dorothy Mackaill's knowledge of dieting and exercise has been of inestimable value to her in "Bright Lights", now in production. Miss Mackaill, who normally weighs 116, found she was losing a pound a day while doing the strenuous hula dance scenes which play a leading part in the story. She had not counted on this effect of the exercise before the camera and had started in at normal weight. Society scenes followed, and Michael Curtiz, the director, discovered that Dorothy looked too thin. Her weight was 112. She started dieting of the right kind and over the weekend she had regained all the lost weight and on Monday went into the microphone arena, weighing exactly 116.

Ask Dad—he knows about the days when he took Ma for a trip on a "bicycle built for two". Ma's long skirts didn't add anything to the pleasure of the ride, either. Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray return to this old method of locomotion in "The Gay 90's", Marion's next starring vehicle for M. G. M. It's a long cry from this to aeroplanes.

Even prohibition doesn't taboo a half pint like this. Loretta Young, Warner Brothers' star, might be tempted to turn bootlegger if the pup came under the Eighteenth Amendment.

In "training" for "Sweethearts and Wives", in which she assumed the character of a French maid, Billie Dove found it best to lose a few pounds of plumpness. She took extra long swims in the Pacific Ocean in front of her house and bicycled in bed for a few days. Thus Billie knocked off three pounds from her normal 115. After the picture she will quickly regain it by not exercising or by eating different foods.

Corinne Griffith follows exercise rather than diet. She kept at her best figure in this way for "Back Pay".

Actors, too, have taken up this system. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., swears by exercise, and Alexander Gray by both diet and exercise. Gray gained ten pounds over his normal 165 for "Song of the Flame", in which he portrayed a Russian of the old regime. Doug, Jr., also took on weight deliberately for his role in "Sin Flood", now in production.

Richard Barthelmess dieted and exercised more than usual for four weeks in preparation for his dramatic semi-Oriental role in "Son of the Gods". It was the first time Barthelmess had tried this method, and he now plans to follow it when necessary in all his forthcoming productions.

"There is a 'one best weight' for every role," says Dorothy Mackaill. "The camera is quick to pick up any changes. A variation of ten pounds will make a player

(Continued on page 29)

MAMBA

By
JOSEPH JORDAN

A SENSATION had stirred the quiet life of New Posen, a German possession in East Africa. August Bolte, the richest plantation owner in all the dark continent, had returned from a trip to Berlin with a beautiful wife. And Bolte was the most hated and despised white man in this black man's country. He was cruel and despotic, and his creed was that money was the god of power and would buy anything.

New Posen was a German army post, and across the border was the military headquarters of a British regiment. There was no thought of war between the two countries, and the officers and men of the posts fraternized like soldiers of fortune. Men and women of the outfits attended one another's social functions, but there was one man in their midst who had never received an invitation to any. He was Bolte, the wealthy plantation owner.

His treatment of the natives in his employ was a scandal. His answer to their entreaties was the twist of a black snake whip about their bodies. His affair with the daughter of Hassim, a native chief, was public gossip, and he had refused to provide for the child that she had borne him. Soldiers of the British and the German forces hated him for this, in that it made the creation of good feeling among the natives more difficult. The natives called him Mamba, the name of the deadliest snake in the jungle.

And this was the man who had brought into the jungles of East Africa his bride, Helen von Linden, one of Berlin's fairest daughters and only child of Count von Linden. Before New Posen lay the wide veldt, with scattered plantations miles apart and the blacks outnumbering the white population by one hundred to one. The only social life was that afforded by the officers and their wives of the army posts. It was a different life from the one that had been the lot of the young German girl and far different from the life that had been painted for her even in this desolate region.

Her marriage had not been one of love. She had accepted Bolte from what had been urged upon her as a sense of duty. Her father was hopelessly involved in debt, with Mamba's wealth the only relief in sight. The latter was willing to pay, but he demanded in return the hand of Helen. The girl's mother was dead and her father was coaxing and domineering by turns until her last scruple was overcome. But she informed Bolte that, if she married him, she would never be a wife to him. He was content to wait until her feelings underwent a change, he answered, but assured himself that the change would come soon after their arrival at New Posen, where he was all powerful and where she would be at his mercy.

The only friend she had in her new home was Major Karl von Reiden of the German post, whom she had met on the steamer in which she embarked on her honeymoon voyage to Africa. He was young and handsome and a soldier. To fall in love with him seemed quite the proper thing to do, and her heart told her that her passion was returned. Both realized that their love must be a thing apart in their lives, but it was a beautiful bond between them.

Bolte issued invitations to the officers of both posts to a reception to be given in honor of his bride. He guffawed at the promptness and number of acceptances. Not one of those invited had ever entered his door, and, while he knew that Helen was the attraction, his was the power that had wrought the change. He was sitting on his porch the evening before the reception when Helen approached, escorted by Major von Reiden.

"Huh, Major!" was his greeting to the officer, paying no attention to his wife. "Come and have a drink."

"Thank you, no," the soldier returned. "I met Frau Bolte and was walking this way, and she was good enough to let me accompany her home. I must be going. Good evening, Gnaediges Frau."

"Thank you, Major, and I hope to see you again soon."

"Tomorrow night," he replied, raising his hat.

"Sure," her husband blurted. "He's coming to our party."

"Oh, yes," she said with a smile. "A pleasure to look forward to."

"On my part, at least," the Major returned as he took his leave.

"Nice fellow," Bolte commented when they were alone. "Everybody is coming to our party—your party."

"It will be an opportunity to meet some one."

"Oh, you'll meet everybody."

She made no answer but entered the house and disappeared into her own room.

Mamba had a servant bring him another drink. He was thinking what a pretty girl his wife was, and each sip of his rum punch enhanced her beauty. His eyes narrowed with the thought of possession, and, when he had finished his drink, he rose from his seat and went inside. Without announcing him-

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This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt. Tom Miranda and Winifred Dunn wrote the scenario and dialogue and Al Rogell directed, with Jean Hersholt appearing as August Bolte, Eleanor Boardman as Helen von Linden, Ralph Forbes as Karl von Reiden, Josef Swickard as Count von Linden, Claude Fleming as Major Cromwell, William Stanton as Joe, William von Brincken as Major von Schultz, Noble Johnson as Hassim, Hazel Jones as Hassim's daughter, Arthur Stone as the British soldier and Torben Meyer as the German soldier.

self, without knocking, he turned the knob of his wife's door and found it locked.

"What is it?" she demanded sharply.

"Only me," he answered. "I want to come in."

"You can't come in. I'm changing my dress."

"You keep your door locked in the daytime as well as the night, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's good. I might remember some time that you are my wife, and, well, you understand."

"I think we both understand," she replied from behind the locked door.

"And, remember, I always get what I want."

She heard him go down the hall, heard the door leading to the porch slam. Then the sound of a woman's voice reached her.

"Wacuba—your baby, my baby," the voice wailed.

"I told you to keep away from this house," she heard her husband say. "Now get out and take yourself and your brat away from here."

She hurriedly opened her door and sped through the dining-room. Her hand was on the latch of the porch door when she saw her husband strike the black girl, who staggered under the blow and, before she could reach her, stumbled from the porch and fell senseless to the ground.

The fire in Helen's eyes would have scorched anyone but Mamba. She hastened to the porch steps to run to the assistance of the unconscious native girl, but her husband grasped her by the arm and held her as in a vise.

"You will attend to your own business," he commanded sharply. "The servants will take care of her."

"Let go my arm!" she cried, her feelings beyond her.

"When I get ready," he returned coolly. "Remember, I am the master here."

He released her but held her with his eyes, then clapped his hands, the signal for the approach of several servants. He spoke to them in the native tongue and pointed to the fallen girl. There were murmurings among the natives and the looks directed at him were filled with hate. The blacks were careful that Mamba did not see their eyes, but he sensed the feeling among them and took a black-snake whip from a hook on the side of the house. Without more ado, the servants picked up the girl's inanimate form and soon disappeared in the direction of the jungle.

"Have you no shame?" Helen cried.

For reply he ran the coil of the black-snake through his fingers, holding the stock in his right hand, and a cruel glint was in his eye.

"I allow no interference here," he said coldly, doubling the whip in his hands. "It is better that you understand that at the start—better for you. These creatures are cattle. I know how to handle them. They belong to me, and don't forget that you belong to me, too."

"And don't you forget that I am your wife!" she retorted with spirit. "If you are the master here, I am the mistress!"

Helen's marriage was not one of love. She had accepted Bolte from a sense of dutu.

"A wife in this country is only a chattel," he said with a chuckle as he let his glance wander meaningly from the whip to her and back to the lash.

She followed his look and read the significance of it. A feeling of horror ran through her, and for the first time she realized how utterly helpless she was. Good God, would he dare raise that whip to her, was the thought that flashed through her mind. Oh, no, quickly came her reaction, not with the soldiers of her own country so close at hand. It would not be possible. But the fear had badly shaken her, and she could no longer remain in his presence. Summoning all the dignity she could command, she swept him with a look of hauteur, not unmixed with contempt, passed into the house, into her own room, and locked the door.

He followed her movements with the expression of a cat watching a mouse, sure of her and waiting his own time to pounce on her. Escape for her was impossible.

"Joe!" he called, and, when an English lackey appeared, ordered, "Another drink."

When the servant left, he hung up the whip and slumped into an easy chair, his face distorted with a hideous grin.

HELEN was badly shaken, but her courage returned behind the security of her locked door. She was naturally brave and trusted herself to match her wits against the monster she called husband. Her honeymoon had been like a nightmare, the only bright spot in it having been her

meeting with Von Reiden, with whom she was now deeply in love. She didn't stop to weigh the right or wrong of her love; she thought only of the injustice that had been done her.

She had glimpsed the jungle from the little boat in which they had sailed up the river after leaving the German liner. It had pushed its way through scores of crocodiles and alligators. Slimy reptiles had glided through the waters, and through the trees they had caught sight of tigers and lions and wild elephants. It was helpful that a man like Von Reiden was at hand. She feared nothing while he was near.

During the few nights she had spent in New Posen, she had listened to the terrifying orchestra of the jungle, to the unearthly sounds of combat among its inhabitants. Von Reiden had assured her that the settlement was safe from attack from the animals and that the only time they were ever seen was during an invasion of jungleland by white hunters. The elephants were hunted for their ivory and the lions and tigers for sport and their skins.

But Helen had awakened in the night, screaming from dreams of terror that had crowded her slumber. She had visioned lions and tigers, snakes and crocodiles and had awakened only in time to be saved from an awful fate. She was alone in that dark country; not a white woman within a mile of her and, as yet, no woman from either garrison had called on her, such was the detestation in which Mamba was held. But Von Reiden had told her that all that would be changed after the reception in her honor. She had not yet had opportunity to visit the native villages, but had seen enough of their people in the public square to doubt that they would prove interesting, notwithstanding Von Reiden's assurance to the contrary. Around the general store in the village were collections of all kinds of people, soldiers and farmers, but mostly black men and women and children of all sizes and ages, rickashas, carriages, horses, zebras and stray ostriches.

What a life for a girl who had been accustomed to social delights of one of the gayest capitals of Europe! With her beauty and charm, her athletic buoyancy and clever brain, she might have been the wife of one of the greatest men of Berlin. What a comedown!

MAMBA continued to drink punch on the porch while discussing the arrangements for the coming reception with Joe, the majordomo of the house servants.

"Plenty of Scotch and champagne, Joe?" he asked. "The English like their Scotch, but champagne for me, only the best that money can buy."

"Yes, sir," Joe answered. "We've got everything, roast beef and chicken, too, and beer, if anybody wants it."

"How about the orchestra?"

"We've got that. That's going to cost some money, too."

"No matter how much. We'll show these German and English army snobs how to do things. And you have the waiters trained so that there can't be any breakdown. Bah! I could buy the German army! Plenty to eat and plenty to drink—that's what those soldiers want."

"Yes, sir."

"Tomorrow night will be the greatest night ever known in Africa, in honor of the wife of August Bolte, the greatest and richest man on the continent. And he has the most beautiful wife."

"I'll say he has, sir."

"And, Joe, after the party is over and the guests are gone. I want you and all the servants to leave, too. See that nobody is in the house but me and my wife."

"Very well, sir."

"After the reception I will be alone with my bride. Haw, haw, haw! Bring me another drink."

IT WAS a sweltering afternoon in August, but most of the population of New Posen was at the parade ground at the drill hour. Colonel Cromwell of the British garrison and some of his officers were guests of Colonel von Schultz and Major von Reiden. A warm friendship existed between the officers of the two posts and an interchange of visits was one of their social amenities. The Germans liked the quality of the British cigars and the British officers were especially fond of the good German beer of the canteen. Visits were also frequent among the rank and file of the posts.

The two colonels were seated with Major von Reiden and others on the porch of the latter's barracks, watching the parade and listening to the music of the band.

"That old goose step always had an appeal for me," Colonel Cromwell remarked.

"Well, I hope we'll never see it in real action again," Von Schultz returned.

"Still, there's always the Balkans," Von Reiden reminded.

"Yes, for a little fuss, maybe," said Von Schultz, "but nothing serious."

"No chance of ever involving Germany and Great Britain," Cromwell added.

"Let's drink to that. Some cool Pilsner beer, what?" Von Reiden suggested.

The toast was drunk and Colonel Cromwell produced the cigars.

"I'll tell you one thing," a lieutenant put in. "We may have some trouble right here. This fellow Bolte has raised hell with the natives by his treatment of them."

"That is apt to be very serious," Von Schultz commented.

"It is," Cromwell agreed. "An uprising would be an appalling calamity with so few of us here."

"You mean, Colonel, that, if anything should happen, you would join forces with us?"

"What else, Von? It would be black against white."

"Colonel, I rise to you." And he arose and saluted, all others on the porch following his example.

"Well, we'll hope for the best," said Cromwell.

"Our men are doing everything to check anything of the kind," Von Reiden put in, "but Hassim, whose daughter Bolte dishonored, is endeavoring to get other chiefs to revolt with him. If anything ever starts, it will spread like a forest fire."

"And there is no use of trying to talk reason to Bolte," said the first officer who had spoken.

"By the way," digressed Cromwell, "I suppose everybody is going to Mme. Bolte's reception tonight."

"I imagine we'll all be there; many out of curiosity, not a few out of sympathy for the lady," rejoined Von Schultz.

"Sympathy?" the British officer questioned. "I understand she is very beautiful and with the wealth of Bolte"—

"That's it," Von Reiden interrupted, "Bolte's wealth. Just how he managed it, I don't know, but his wealth won the beautiful girl through her father's misfortunes. It wasn't a marriage of convenience for her; it was a marriage of compulsion. She is beautiful and with her spirit and character should have been a soldier's wife."

Everyone looked at the speaker, who hid his confusion by raising his glass. But everyone around the board had a new interest in the lady, a friendly one, and a sincerely friendly one at that.

The entrance of Doctor Webber changed the trend of the conversation.

"Well, what's new, Doc?" was the general query.

"The news is bad," the surgeon answered. "I have just come from Hassim's village and his daughter and her child are dead. She called on Bolte yesterday to beseech his help, and he not only repulsed her but pushed her off the porch. She died from the effects of the fall."

"That is bad," Von Schultz commented.

"It is bad and may lead to an insurrection. Hassim swore vengeance over the body of his child, and many of the natives are in an ugly mood. I believe, though, that Hassim will first attempt the life of Bolte."

"It may be our duty to protect first the lives of the people of New Posen," Cromwell said quietly.

Von Reiden looked up quickly and their eyes met. Each read the other's thoughts, and Von Reiden made a mental oath of eternal friendship for the British officer.

"Cromwell is right," the surgeon commented gravely. "If an uprising occurs, there is little hope for the whites against the thousands of savage fanatics who will be turned loose. God! What a reprisal for the acts of a selfish, self-centered, dirty dog!"

"Major," said Von Schultz, "we must give our attention to this situation immediately. Have our men ready and at the first sign of rebellion turn loose on them with machine guns."

"We will, sir," Von Reiden answered, "and I'll have word spread to have our men prepared for what may come."

"And I'll do the same thing with my boys," said Colonel Cromwell, rising. "We'll cooperate with you, Von, to the last ditch."

Helen met Major Karl von Reiden on her honeymoon voyage to Africa.

"God bless you, Cromwell," Von Schultz replied, shaking his hand.

"They'll know that they've had a fight if they start."

They sent Cromwell away in his carriage with a cheer. They knew that they could depend upon him. They were fine fellows, all of them, good soldiers and brave fighters. They were few compared to the hordes of blacks, but, with British and German soldiers fighting side by side, intelligence and esprit de corps would weigh heavily in their favor. But the officers realized that their only chance in the event of an uprising was to quell it before it was fairly started.

MAMBA was in his element. It was the night of the reception to Helen and the guests would begin to arrive shortly, the men and women from the British and German garrisons who had so long snubbed him. The only people worth while in New Posen were to eat and drink and dance in his home, something for which he had worked for years to accomplish.

The table was set, a long table in the living-room. Helen had seen to it that there was nothing lacking in the seating arrangement or in the reception-room, where cocktails were to be served. She had directed everything and her husband had expressed complete satisfaction with the result. And well he might for her heart had been in the arrangements. She wanted above all things to win the good graces of their guests, to appear to the best advantage—not least in the eyes of Karl von Reiden. There would be music and dancing and wine—life! For the first time since she had left Berlin, she felt something akin to her old girlish self.

(Continued in June 12 issue.)

The LOST ZEPPELIN

By JOSEPH JORDAN

SYNOPSIS

The whole world followed with interest the flight of the great Zeppelin, The Explorer, as it made its way to the Antarctic Zone in search of the South Pole. But to one the ship's flight was more than an interesting, epoch-making event, it was the only vital thing in life, for, as it winged its way into the frozen regions, it took from Miriam Hall the man who had been her husband for five years and his best friend, Lieutenant Tom Armstrong, in whose arms Commander Donald Hall had discovered his wife on the very night before The Explorer took off on its dangerous expedition. Both Miriam and Tom had fought against their love but, on the eve of parting, it had become too strong for them and Donald Hall, brokenhearted, his world crumbling at his feet, had stood a silent witness to their embrace. With no word of reproach when his wife confessed her love for the young lieutenant, he had promised her a divorce as soon as it could be arranged. As the ship proceeded on its way, no one of the crew suspected the strained relations that existed between the commander and the lieutenant. Then disaster came to the big Zeppelin. She had just circled the South Pole when the load of ice that had settled on her sides weighted her down and she crashed on the frozen peaks that seemed to pierce the clouds. The radio out of commission, there was no way to summon help from the Base Camp over which they had passed shortly before reaching the Pole. The commander divided his crew into groups of three, sending them out in different directions in the hope that one of the units might be discovered by a rescue plane from the camp. But, even as the men set forth, they realized they were going to certain death. At last only two remained, Commander Hall and Lieutenant Armstrong who, with the mascot, a little terrier pup, found their way back to the wrecked ship. At the moment when all hope seemed to have deserted them, the whirring of a motor broke the frozen silence and a scout from the Base Camp made a landing nearby. Hysterical with joy, the half-frozen men greeted him, visions of home rising before their eyes. But hope sank at the announcement of Lieutenant Wallace, the rescue pilot, that his machine could carry only one. Commander Hall drew two straws from the mattress they had saved from the wrecked ship. In this way they would decide which one would be Lieutenant Wallace's passenger.

"I'm lucky, Tom. I'll win, I'll go back," the commander said as he held out the straws.

"Let's get it over with," the lieutenant pleaded in a frenzy of nervousness.

"NO, TOM, that's one thing I don't want to do—go back. Miriam will be there to receive me, but, when I take her in my arms, she will be longing for you. You'll always be there—between us for the rest of our lives, a shadow, a memory, the man she really loves. That's why you're going back— and I'm going to stay."

"No, no!" Tom cried in horror. "I'm not going back that way."

"I'm still commander of this expedition," Hall reminded him coldly. "I order you to go."

"For God's sake, Donald, you don't know what you are asking me to do!"

"I'm not thinking of you." There was a suggestion of contempt in his tone. "I'm thinking only of Miriam. Her happiness is all that counts. She wants you and you're going back."

At a nod from Hall, the pilot picked Tom up and carried him to the plane, then returned with his arms filled with supplies.

"There's food for a week," he assured Hall as, his eyes filled with admiration, he extended his hand. "Don't you worry, sir," he added as Donald clasped his hand. "I'll be back for you."

"I know you will if it is humanly possible," Hall returned quietly, then held the pup out. "He won't take up much room."

"Surely not," said the pilot, taking the dog.

Hall gave a great sob as the motor started. Alone! He heard the barking of the little dog, the noise of the motor being raced, the whir growing fainter, the barking growing nearer. Then he saw the little terrier yelping to him as he made his way back over the ice, racing to him, to jump into his open arms, to be hugged by him as he licked the master's face. Hall broke down, his frame shook convulsively and he sobbed like a child.

THE rescue of Tom Armstrong was the news sensation of the United States—of the world. There were newspaper extras in every land, in every language. The glory that was Commander Hall's was dimmed by the hectic flashes of printer's ink; it was almost forgotten in the heralding of Tom Armstrong's triumphant homeward march across the seas.

It was too bad about poor old Hall! He and Tom were the only survivors of the ill-fated expedition, the only men found by the intrepid pilot who went from the Base Camp to their rescue and who had room for only one man in his plane. Hall had ordered his lieutenant into the lone seat, declaring that he would wait for the return of the rescue plane. But the plane had never returned. The gallant Lieutenant Wallace had made the trial and had perished in the attempt.

That was the last news the world received from the Base Camp. Storms had put the radio out of commission or weather conditions prevented the sending of mesages. The Polar Zone was a closed book for the waiting public and, with Wallace down and Hall gone, there was nothing of interest in the unknown land of the South Pole. The tribute of the world was raised from the memory of the dead to the presence of the living. The adulation of the public in all countries was showered on Tom Armstrong as he neared his home city.

WHAT were the thoughts of Miriam Hall who shared with her hero dead the sympathy of the world when news of her husband's terrible end was flashed over the earth? With Donald gone, she realized his greatness and the devotion she had once borne him. She still loved Tom but there-

were nights of distraction over memories of Donald, nights when she cried herself to sleep, when she felt that a great part of her being was forever buried in the cold snows at the earth's end.

But the world danced on and the air rang with the paeans of joy at the return of the one survivor of the lost Zeppelin. The day came when Washington celebrated the arrival of Tom Armstrong and the rest of the world listened in and approved. The streets and windows were filled with throngs of admiring and enthusiastic men and women. Bands were playing; gaily uniformed men were marching; newsies were shouting their extras; showers of confetti and ticker tape momentarily shut out the sun; the radio was announcing the return of the conquering hero.

Miriam listened, tense, dry sobs choking her.

Miriam was not in the crowds that welcomed her lover, the one person for sight of whom his eyes were ever alert, the only human being who meant anything to him at this, the greatest moment of his life. He had been in the hands of the reception committee from the time he landed in New York, the scene of his greatest ovation up to that time. It had been impossible to get in touch with her.

She had declined with sweet dignity the deferential invitation to participate in the Washington reception. She sat near the radio in her home and listened to the uproar that greeted Tom as he was driven through the parade in a gaily decorated automobile, attended by high officers of the navy. She heard the shouts, the cheers, the music and the speeches. She followed the line of march through the announcements that came out of the air.

Tom was speaking and she detected a tremor in his voice. He didn't sound natural, she thought.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "the real heroes of the expedition are back there, fourteen brave men who died in the frozen South." He paused, visibly affected, and then, "The last and greatest hero was Lieutenant James Wallace who, single-handed, came to my rescue and"—tremblingly—"returned for Commander Hall, and—perished in his attempted rescue." The hushed crowd waited as a long pause followed, then Tom continued in a low, tense voice. "So, if there is any glory attached to this expedition, it belongs to those men."

Miriam shut off the radio. She was disappointed in Tom's address. Why hadn't he paid greater tribute to the real hero of the expedition, to Donald? She wondered whether he knew that she was listening and she reflected that perhaps he deemed that recital of the last moments in that great unknown land was too sacred for other ears than her own.

Oh, how she did want to see him, to hear from his own lips all that had happened! But she realized that hours must elapse before he could come to her, before he could secure his release from the adoring men and women whose guest he was.

IF MIRIAM was impatient to see Tom, the young officer was no less desirous of her companionship. His longing to be alone with her, to hold her in his arms was intensified with the passing of the hours, and his reaction to the desire made him nervous and ill-at-ease in his surroundings, a condition that was interpreted by those about him as the reflection of what he had undergone on the expedition.

A dinner was being given in his honor that night, and he knew that his only opportunity to see Miriam would be before the hour set for the function. He fixed five o'clock in the afternoon as the time for his call and arranged his other engagements to make certain of being at liberty. He thought of telephoning but promptly dismissed the idea. His first greeting would be in person.

He was more nervous than he had been at any time since his arrival when he walked up the steps of her home. He hesitated before pushing the bell, wondering what her reception of him would be. But he did not have to wonder long. A few seconds after the butler announced him to Miriam who was in the drawing-room he returned with the message:

"Mrs. Hall doesn't care to see you, Lieutenant Armstrong."

Tom paled, stood for a moment as if turned to stone, then, with a curt nod to the servant, ran down the steps, scarcely seeing where he was going, caring less.

AND Miriam? During those long days when she had visioned his return, as she had comforted herself by doing, she had acted over and over again

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Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All--- and, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Dear Myra:

So many of us would like to know what has become of our former favorites of the silent screen, such as Marguerite Clark, Katherine MacDonald, Pearl White, Theda Bara. Won't you please tell us something about them?

Mary G.

Certainly, Mary, to the best of my ability. Dainty Marguerite Clark is now happily married and, as Mrs. Williams, reigns over a lovely home in Mississippi. She still loves the movies, but from the point of view of the audience. Even the birth of the talkies has not awakened any desire to return to the screen. Katherine MacDonald is Mrs. Christian K. Holmes and owns a wholesale cosmetic establishment in Hollywood. Pearl White, when last heard from, was living in Cairo, Egypt, the wife of an Egyptian millionaire. Theda Bara, wife of Director Charles Brabin, has been making personal appearances in vaudeville. Perhaps the talkies may bring her back to the screen. Nita Naldi, another famous vamp of silent pictures, is married to a wealthy Frenchman and is living in Versailles. Dorothy Phillips is living in Hollywood with her young daughter who may follow in her famous mother's footsteps.

* * *

Dear Miss Merton:

I saw "Paramount on Parade" and think it is wonderful. How did it happen that a young actress like Dorothy Janis could supervise a big production like that? Please tell me.

Kathryn L.

You made a mistake, my dear. Elsie Janis, not Dorothy, was the supervising director. Elsie is one of our topnotch musical comedy stars but seems to have deserted this field—temporarily, at least—for screen production work. During the late War, she gave up a wonderful contract to go "over there" to entertain the boys. Her cheery personality, combined with her unusual talent, her unselfishness in giving unstintingly of herself to bring brightness—and forgetfulness—to the lonely doughboys endeared her to the entire army.

The talkies, singies brought Winnie Lightner to the screen from musical comedy and vaudeville and Winnie has brought an entirely "different" personality to pictures.

I agree with you—"Paramount on Parade" is all that can be desired. Perhaps the reason we all like it so much is that it brings out the personality of our favorites in preference to gorgeous sets and beautiful choruses.

* * *

Dear Myra:

Do actors and actresses have to memorize their parts for the talkies?

Curious.

I'll say they do. And they can't have a prompter, either. This is due to the fact that the slightest whisper is picked up by the microphones and a cue tossed to a flurried player would be distinctly audible on the screen. For this reason a retake of an entire scene is necessary when lines are forgotten or twisted. Stage actors rehearse their parts in entirety and quite often must remain before the footlights for an entire act without getting a peep into their scripts. Motion pictures are made in shots or short sequences which seldom last more than five or ten minutes. Rehearsals of a scene to be recorded are therefore held while cameras and lights are being changed between shots. With this procedure there is little time for anyone to forget a line.

* * *

Dear Miss Merton:

I haven't seen Earle Foxe on the screen lately. Can you tell me what has become of him?

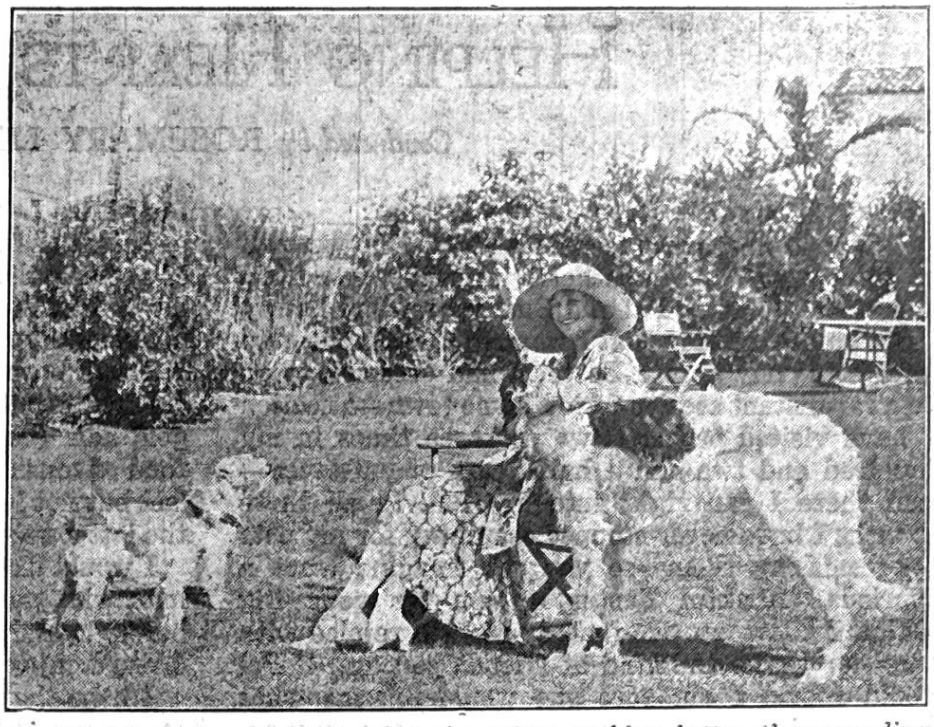
L. T.

Mr. Foxe left the screen to conduct a military academy. After a year's absence he will return in a featured role in "Good Intentions", a modernized version of "The Fatal Wedding".

Lives of the Great

By

HOWARD CURTIS



Mary's leisure hours are few but she enjoys nothing better than spending them with her pets. And the pets? There is no need to ask them their opinion in the matter.

THE talented young lady destined to rise to fame as Mary Lewis was born Mary Kidd, in Hot Springs, Arkansas. While Mary was still a baby, her mother was left a widow in very poor circumstances. The little family moved to Dallas in search of a livelihood, but finally the mother was obliged to put Mary and a little brother into an orphanage. Food was bad and sanitary conditions worse. Mary soon became ill and the small brother ran away, bearing the news to his mother, who rescued her sickly little girl.

Beauty and talent and the belief that, even with these, one must work to achieve spell success for Mary Lewis, Pathe's new star.

At six, Mary was a victim of pernicious anemia, induced by bad living conditions and lack of food. A doctor told her mother that the child would not live two years unless she was put in a different environment. In this extremity, the mother accepted the offer of a minister and his wife to adopt the little girl. The clergyman had heard her sing and he and his wife considered this an asset in training the child for missionary work, as they expected to do.

There followed for Mary a childhood both contradictory and unhappy. Physically she was well cared for and her health was soon restored. She was well clothed, sent to school and given music lessons. Yet scarcely a day passed that she was not soundly beaten for some childish fault. With returning health, her spirits bubbled and she was inspired to express the natural joy of childhood by singing and dancing. All dancing and any kind of singing except hymns were held out to her as inspirations of the devil and each time her feet tapped to a tune or she hummed a bit of melody she was whipped if caught. The minister even refused to have her voice trained, explaining that he felt it an insult to God to tamper with His gifts. As was to be

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HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

You who were early members of our club were all so interested, so sympathetic when my two little four-footed chums, Pal and Buddy, wandered away from home last July that I want to tell you the glad news. The day before Easter I had occasion to go to a far-distant section of my home town—a section I have visited perhaps two or three times in my hundred and two and a half years of existence—and there I ran right into my Pal. In all these months I have never stopped searching for my pets—or missing them—so you can imagine what a glorious, thankful Easter it was for your Big Chief. I know my two-footed pals will rejoice with me—for that's the kind of friends you are. If Pal could speak, I am sure she would tell me what became of her little brother, but, since she can't, I'll still have to keep on searching and maybe some day—well, who can tell? Perhaps a kindly Providence will bring me face to face with little Buddy.

And, pals, I can't thank you by personal letters for the lovely Easter greetings you sent me but I do appreciate them and your cards are tucked away with my treasures—and memories.

Our club sympathizes with our Nellie whose father recently passed to the Great Beyond. Nellie and her fine, understanding parent were great chums and she was to him the kind of devoted daughter who put his pleasure and comfort before her own. You who have become acquainted with this helpful soul through her bright, cheery letters know this and appreciate the vacancy his passing has made in her heart and life. A word—if only a card—to let her know you are thinking of her will bring comforting hours into her lonely days.

And now, Pals, not another line of space devoted to your interests is going to be usurped by your

ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have read several issues of your wonderful magazine and have really enjoyed each one immensely.

I thoroughly enjoy reading the Helping Hearts Club and wish to become a member.

I am a young lady twenty years of age, five feet four and one half inches tall, dark brown curly hair, blue eyes, and weigh 114 pounds.

I am fond of all kinds of sports, especially basketball and golf.

I am teaching my first school now in a small town.

I shall be more than glad to become a pen pal to both boys and girls.

Peggy from Arkansas.

I've always thought it must be interesting to teach in a small town. I know the pals are going to be interested to hear about your "charges".

Dear Miss Lee:

This is the very first time I have had the pleasure of reading the Helping Hearts Club and I am very much impressed by it. I would love to become a member if you will have me.

I was born in Jersey City, nineteen years ago, am five feet tall and weigh 104 pounds, have red-gold hair (curly) and gray eyes. I am extremely fond of music, reading, art, all sorts of sports, and, last but not least, dancing, both social and classical, the latter being the most impressive of my hobbies.

I would like very much to hear from that young man who wants a "bit-o-cheer", Robert of Peterborough, and also from that Lonely Doughboy who doesn't enjoy wild parties, etc.

I hope that I prove eligible enough to become a member of your lovely club, Miss Lee.

Wilma of Jersey.

I am indeed glad, Wilma, that you happened to come across our club. I know you are going to enjoy being a member.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have been reading your articles regularly. I would like very much to join your delightful club. I have chestnut brown hair, large blue eyes and am five feet six inches tall. I have plenty of time to write but I have no time for parties and dances. I am fond of sports. I would like a pal who enjoys sports and is jolly. I am sure you can secure me one.

Hoping to receive a pal's letter soon.

D. L. M. of Chicago.

I am sure, too, D. L. M.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

And, too, my plea is—pen pals. I was attracted to the Helping Hearts Club several days ago and then I decided I would immediately seek an entrance.

Would you care for the egotistical part now? I am seventeen years of age, weigh around 104 pounds, have naturally curly golden hair, hazel eyes and am five feet three inches tall. I have a fair complexion and am considered good-looking. I am a senior in high school and, as school is out in May, I will have lots of time to write letters. I'd like letters from either sex between the ages of fifteen to twenty-five. And please send me a picture when you write.

I am interested in all kinds of sports and particularly horseback riding since I live on a ranch. So everyone is welcome to write and I'll answer them all.

Mazelle of Texas.

Here's another interesting thing for you now, pals, to hear at first hand all about ranch life in Texas.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Having read your columns in the M. P. S. and, never having had pen pals, I have decided that I wish to be one of the many pals.

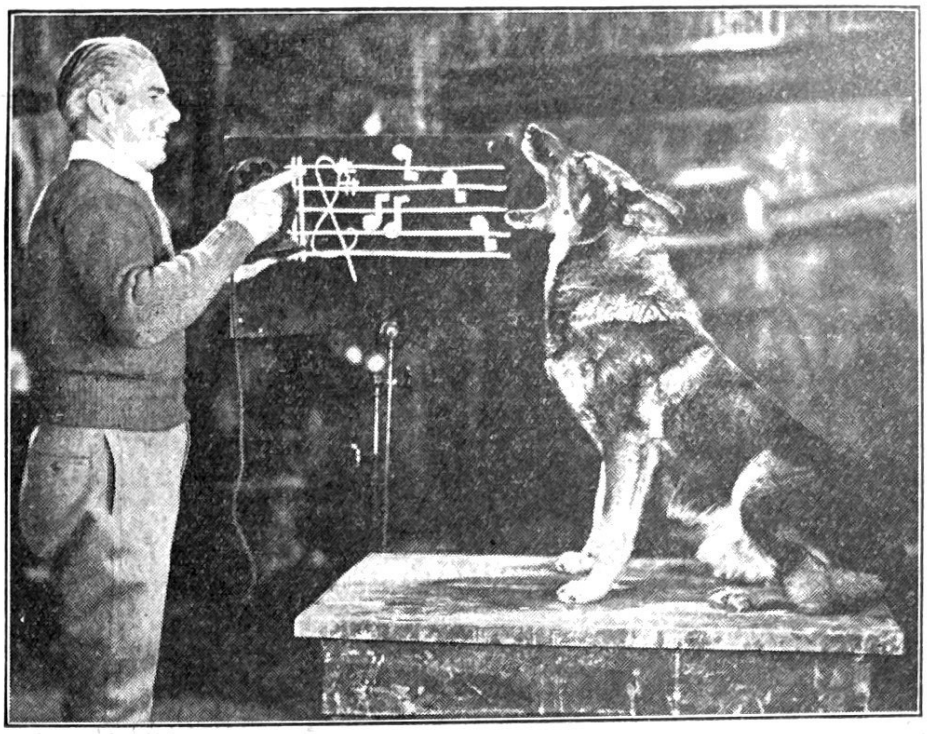
I am five feet, five inches tall, have brown eyes, brown hair and am of slim stature. Being near the age of seventeen years, I know how it is to be lonesome. Although a member of many athletic clubs in my school, this does not keep me from being lonesome.

I am sure I shall like you, Rosemary, as well as the rest of the little organization's members. Will you please send me a picture of yourself, Rosemary?

I shall be watching and waiting until I find out I have been taken into the hearts of the pals, and, for the present, I remain,

Brown-Eyed Pat of Ohio.

I'd love to send you a talking picture of me, Pat, but, alas, I have none.



Station DOG is on the air and Rin-Tin-Tin, Warner Brothers' star, is saying: "Hello, pals! My bow wow greetings to you!"

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Being a young man of twenty-two, with dark brown hair, gray eyes, dark complexion, with a height of five feet and eleven inches and living in a city where there are many beautiful girls, naturally I expect some one of this vast bunch to have a little pity on poor me.

I suppose by this smart statement you know I am a very homely looking sort of bird, but, nevertheless, one who has tried hard to win the companionship of some little girl.

If you think that there is some person on this earth that might care to correspond with such an animal as myself, I would indeed consider it an act of great kindness.

Wadsworth of Dallas.

I fear, Wadsworth, you have an exaggerated idea of your own unattractiveness. And, anyway, what are looks between good pen pals? It's the heart that counts.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

You sure do have a wonderful club. Most of the members seem to be delighted with it. May I join?

I have always wanted pen pals and now let's hope I get plenty of them.

I am seventeen years old, a blonde with real curly hair and vivid green eyes. I am considered very pretty. I am five feet two inches tall.

I want pen pals of both sexes, so won't some of your girls and boys write?

It may seem strange that a girl of very wealthy parents should wish for pen pals, but I have everything in the world but just that, and, if I may be allowed to, I would like to send those who write to me each a token of gratitude, because that's just how I will feel to my writers—grateful. Thanking you, I remain

Myrtle of Philadelphia.

You are fortunate, my dear. So many of my girls are struggling out in the business world when I wish they could be studying and fitting themselves for life. But they are all ambitious youngsters—and brave—and I know you are going to find them worth while not only as pen pals but as sincere friends.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Last night I went to the theatre to see Jack Holt and Lila Lee in "Flight". It was a wonderful picture.

After the show I went into the confectioner's to get a magazine. The first one that caught my eye was the M. P. S., so I bought it.

I came home and, looking through the M. P. S., saw the H. H. C. It seemed very interesting, so I read all the letters and decided to write to you, too.

I would like very much to join your club and have your pals write to me. I'll answer every single letter.

What do I look like? Oh, that's easy. I am fifteen years old, have dark brown hair and eyes, am five feet six inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. Everyone thinks I am seventeen or eighteen years old because I am quiet and wear glasses and I guess they make me look older.

I would like to hear from Harold of Kuala Lumpur. His letter sounded so interesting and I love to receive letters from foreign lands.

I am going to close now, hoping to see some letters from far and near in my mail box soon. Don't disappoint me.

Hoping to be made a member of your H. H. C., I am,

Vi of Carthage.

P. S. I don't know whether I am wrong or not in addressing your letter as "Miss". If I am, please pardon it.

You're right, Vi. And it will be "Miss" for a long time, according to present reckoning. I'm glad you enjoyed "Flight". I've just returned from a preview of a new picture in which Ralph Graves is the hero, "Ladies of Leisure". When it reaches your town, don't miss it. In it, Barbara Stanwyck proves herself to be one of the screen's loveliest and most talented actresses. I'm a great fan, myself, you know and, when a picture's good, I enjoy it just as much as if seeing pictures were not part of my "job".

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I impose upon your kindness once again to forward the enclosed letters? Also, if you can squeeze my name on your files, it would be greatly appreciated. I am twenty-four years of age, five feet nine inches tall, weigh 140 lbs. and am blonde (by nature). My weaknesses are nearly all outdoor sports, with golf underlined, music of any kind and dreaming. My weakness for dreaming is why I want to hear from people in all walks of life. And who is a better person to turn to for these pals than Miss Lee of the H. H. C.?

Thanking you in advance for all this I'm asking of you, I am, as ever,

Ohio Boy.

A dreamer, Ohio Boy? But, then, aren't we all?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your club in spite of the fact that I'm neither lonesome nor blue?

I am a girl of seventeen, five feet two and weigh about 118 pounds. I have long auburn hair, a fair complexion without the customary freckles and large blue eyes.

I am interested in just all sorts of things. I adore tennis, though I'm a very poor player. I like to dance, can play the piano badly and sing the same way, love to read and write. I am interested in aviation, music, travel and anything that might prove to be adventurous. Particularly do I love adventures of any sort.

I travel about the United States a great deal with my folks and have also been to Canada and Mexico, so I might have something of interest to tell anyone who would care to write. I'd like to hear from Bluey of Georgia, The Texas Kid, Cape Cod Margie, Eastern Girl, Moran of the Marines, A Lone Eagle, Dev Dare of Newark and everyone else! I promise to answer all letters promptly and hope to get enough to keep me busy for weeks!

Red Head of California.

I'm sorry I didn't receive a photograph of that long auburn hair for the "Miss Columbia" contest, Red Head.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am a nice girl (at least, I hope so) who would love to join your Helping Hearts Club. Although I have pals, I often become lonesome when they are busy or away. I enjoy writing letters and I hereby promise to answer all letters sent to me whether they are many or few.

I am almost sixteen years old, have blonde hair, big blue eyes, fair skin, and am five feet four and one-half inches tall. I love swimming, skating, dancing, tennis and all other sports played indoors and outdoors. My secret ambition happens to be art and all its phases. I also love to read and write, though I assure you I am no author.

I would love to hear from all types of pals. Oh, pen pals, wherever you go or whatever you do, I want you to know that little Billie of the Badger State wants some pen pals.

Billie of the Badger State.

P. S. Now do you think I qualify as a member of the H. H. C., Rosemary?

I think you're okay, Billie, and I'm sure you're a "nice" girl, too. And how you youngsters make me chuckle! When you're a day over fifteen or sixteen, you're "almost" sixteen or seventeen. Wait until you're a minute of twenty-nine or thirty. Then you'll be "over" twenty-eight or twenty-nine. What changes the years bring—even in our methods of figuring!

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

While reading through your M. P. S. magazine, I came across your club which seems to be real interesting. May I be allowed to join?

I sent a letter previous to this one but adddressed it to the wrong place. It would seem by the comments about Lone Eagle that he must be a very busy and popular fellow. His letters must be real interesting. Do you think he would care to drop me a line or two?

I also would like to hear from a Philadelphian. I came across his letter in the December 25th issue, so I am enclosing one in the hopes of hearing from him. Maybe Dee would like to add me to the list, as I love drawing and painting. Congratulations to you and your club; I hope to see it continue in its success.

Myrtle of New Orleans.

I'm sure the pals you mention will enjoy having a friend in your fascinating Southern city. However, the surest way to find out is to drop them a line. Don't be backward about writing to the boys first. There is no sex in our club, no standing on ceremony. We're all "just pals" and our motto is, "Comfort, Cheer and Companionship" for everyone, everywhere— and that includes New Orleans.

(Continued on page 32)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

(Since the screen "short" is opening up a new field for writers, I have asked Abe Mass, Editor Short Subject Department, Warner Brothers-Vitaphone, to tell you something about this new development in film entertainment.)

WITH the advance and development of the motion picture, a new screen novelty has been added in the form of the talking "short". Not only has this short subject established itself as an important pictorial item, but it has served as a filler-in in theatres where vaudeville is not shown and lent a necessary element to the movie theatre program—the element of contrast. It has gone even so far (most audacious for its size) as to provide many a hearty laugh to an otherwise mirthless program.

Prospective writers have come to me with many a criticism of the "short", mostly not in favor, forgetting that this all-important subject is still in its infancy. While it may never grow in size, it is bound to rise in strength and importance because the "short" has come to the rescue of topics that have long been evaded in feature-length pictures. By this I mean subjects that might have been considered boresome for the feature can now be handled crisply in the "short" because the limit of the "short" is eighteen minutes. The time is close at hand when the short subject will take an important place in visual education, in the school-room, the lecture-room and scientific laboratory.

Then, the formula for the "short" is simple and direct. There is no time for involvements or trick technicalities. It is so simple that it requires no dramatic pattern. It is direct, without moods or inventions. The short is too "busy" to give time and space to expounding events in long-winded conversation. Being simple and direct, it must of necessity be expository from the beginning.

In structure it is almost related to the vaudeville sketch. Our screen playlet must be potent, vigorous and without the deceptions practiced by its larger-sized relative. But the thing always to remember is that it has the physical limitation of being—short. And, for this reason, the writer who wants to try his or her hand at this abbreviated subject must stick to crispness and succinctness and forget to make any psychological demands on either the characters—or the audience. It is brief entertainment, so must be brief and entertain both briefly and interestingly. This applies to both the dramatic and comic short. Care should also be exercised to create a sufficiently interesting contrast between characters, particularly in the comedy "short".

The beauty of writing the "short" is that the writer is not tied down to vain dogmas or dramatic rules. As long as he has an interesting and outstanding situation and can work it out entertainingly and plausibly, he is safe in building a marketable commodity. One doesn't have to be a brilliant Henry Bernstein, that super-craftsman, to write the "short", for it is remarkable in its simplicity. Brevity requires that its development be rapid and for this reason one must remember to avoid all technically dramatic adventures and make one's effort physically efficient. It is wise, therefore, to make your dialogue or conversation explicit. Long speeches take up too much time and are wasted.

The writer of the "short" must learn to steer away from fancy dramatic patterns but must, at the same time, not become too conventional in his theme. Of course, there are not what can be termed new themes. But they can be made new through natural, wholesome and deft treatment. Through proper handling, the oldest plot or theme can be made to appear new. It is all in the way the writer attacks or handles the subject.

Be sure to avoid all subjects that are drab, clinical or psychological. Subjects of this kind are positively "unprofitable"—at least, from the standpoint of the "short". People have troubles of their own and don't want to be reminded of them. While a good dramatic "short" is exciting, the one that gives the audience a hearty laugh is the more welcome. Life is just as full of laughs as it is of sobs. Wherever possible, place your spectator in a comfortable attitude and send him away with a cheery heart. Above all, don't pull any surprises on your spectator. He didn't pay his money at the box-office to be deceived. Leave your secrets and surprises to the full-length vehicle, the melodrama or the farce—they fit in more with the pattern. Jugglery of this kind destroys your theme and robs it of dramatic effect. It is as deadly as superflous speech. Don't forget your time limit.

Amuse and enchant your audience. Keep your movie fan in an ingratiating mood. Don't sermonize him by using subjects that will remind him of his faults or rob him of sympathetic understanding. He paid for entertainment. Give it to him. In short, be short and entertain just as briefly.

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Redemption

(Continued from page 5)

"Of course, I'm drunk but I see everything clearly. Victor, you love my wife."

"I do love her," the other admitted frankly, "but her happiness means more to me than my love."

"You're a much finer person than I am, Victor, and I—I've hurt her so much. That's why I left her. At least, that's one of the reasons. Perhaps the other reason was yourself. You've loved her from childhood and, though she thinks she loves me, only me, I believe that, down underneath what she admits to herself, she really loves you. And the strongest love is perhaps unconscious love. Well, she's perfectly free. There, does that satisfy you?"

"You must go back to her, Fedya." Victor hoped that repetition might awaken his friend's slumbering conscience.

"You must go back to her, Victor," Fedya persisted. "You will give her happiness that I have never been able to give her and never shall. If she divorces me—"

"Fedya, Fedya," Victor interrupted, "don't you realize that Lisa is not that sort of a woman, that when she once gives her heart she can never take it back, no matter what you have done?"

"I realize that you and Lisa were meant for each other from the beginning—and I say this not because I don't love her but because I do. It would all be simple enough to arrange if it were not for the divorce. The business of doing that is all so loathsome. My whole nature is repelled by the foulness of the thing—finding a correspondent, getting caught—anything but that."

Still Victor remained, trying to persuade his friend to return to his wife. Finally, seeing that it was of no avail, he left him.

Then Lisa, herself, made one last attempt. She sought him out in the dingy furnished room he occupied and entered just as Masha's parents were berating him for stealing the heart of their daughter, making her forget her duty to them, to their tribe.

"You've ruined our child, our very own, our best beloved," the old mother moaned, rocking back and forth.

"But you've made a mistake," Fedya said. "Your daughter is like a sister to me. I haven't harmed her at all. I love her, it's true, but how can I help that?"

"Then why didn't you love her when you had some money?" the father put in. "If you had paid us ten thousand rubles, you could have owned her, body and soul. That's what respectable men do. Instead, you stole her like a sack of meal."

"He didn't steal me. I came to him myself," Masha cried, "and, if you take me away a thousand times, I'll come back. My love will break through everything, everything in the world."

And it was on this scene that Lisa's stricken eyes gazed. Coming slowly into the room, she emptied the contents of her purse on the table and the old gypsies, everything else forgotten in their lust for gold, eagerly scrambled to gather it up, then, bowing servilely, left the room, while Masha stood against the wall, her agonized gaze fixed on Lisa, for instinct told her that this was the beautiful wife Fedya loved, loved as she knew he could never love her, the gypsy girl. Fedya took a step forward.

"Was it really necessary to have come here?" he asked quietly. "Victor could have told you everything about me."

"He did," she told him, her voice tense with emotion, "but I felt I had to make one last effort. Oh, Fedya, Fedya, why did you let your life fall into ruin like this?"

"Well, first drink," he returned, "not because it tasted well, but because everything I did disappointed me so, made me so ashamed of myself; then music, not the opera of Beethoven, but gypsy music. The passion of it poured energy into my body, while those dark, bewitching eyes looked into the bottom of my soul. I cannot change and that's why I ask you why you don't do the sensible thing, divorce me and marry Victor. After all, I am useless and you do owe him something for his years of devotion to you."

Lisa's tone was low, hurt, scarcely audible.

"Do you really think I could so easily forget all that lies behind me, the days when we first met, when we were first married?"

"I have forgotten much, Lisa, and so will you," he told her. "There was a time when I thought I couldn't get through a day without at least one glance at little Fedya. By the way, how is he?"

"He misses you, too," she said sadly.

"And I miss him like the devil." Then he remembered and changed to his careless air. "But what am I saying? It isn't true. No. The years will do for you what drink has done for me—help you to forget what it is best for you to forget."

"Never," she told him emphatically. "No matter what you do, as long as I live, as long as you live, I must remain what I am in my heart—your wife."

"Take my advice, Lisa," he urged, "be free of me."

"Oh, if only I could be free of you! Don't you think I'm human? Don't you think I wish that often, to be free of you?"

With a sob she turned to the door and rushed blindly from the room. Fedya stood looking after her, fighting the longing in his heart to follow her, to clasp her in his arms, to make the same old promises. But he knew himself and he loved her, loved her too much to continue to bring sorrow into her life, so he remained where he was, his hands clenched at his side, his lips repeating the words:

"As long as I live, my wife."

ON THE bank of a river they found Fedya's clothes—and they knew he could not swim. He had sent Lisa and Victor a letter:

"My solution to our problem is a very simple one. You must marry to be happy. I am the obstacle. Consequently that obstacle must be removed. All I ask of you is to be happy and, whenever you think of me, think tender thoughts. By the time this letter reaches you, I shall no longer

exist. God bless you both. Good-by."

Lisa's grief seemed unbearable. She thought when she had learned that he had turned to the gypsy girl, Masha, that her love had lessened and she had promised, when the divorce was granted, to marry Victor. But now she knew that even in death she belonged to the man who had first won her heart. However, in time she became Victor's wife. He was so kind, so thoughtful, and he was devoted to her little son.

IN ONE of the dives frequented by the world's vagabonds, an unshaven man with glowing dark eyes sat drinking with a friend. The warming liquor mellowed his mood and he grew reminiscent, confidential. He told his friend of the day when, a pistol at his hand, he had written his wife and his friend his farewell letter, how, as he was about to pull the trigger, Masha had entered, had entreated him not to end his life, that there could still be happiness for him with her. She had suggested the feigned drowning and had finally persuaded him to do her bidding. Her plan had accomplished its purpose. His wife was now happily married to his friend, Victor Karenin, and he, himself, was pursuing the life of a vagabond, penniless but free.

From a nearby table a man had been attentively listening to the story and, as it unfolded, his eyes had taken on a cunning, crafty look. At its close he approached Fedya.

"You say you are penniless," he repeated. "Well, there is no need for that. You're a corpse as far as your wife's concerned. Now suppose you come to life. Then she and that fellow she's so happy with, they'll be arrested for bigamy. The best they will get will be ten years in Siberia. Now you see where you can have a steady income, don't you?"

"Get out, get out, I say!" Fedya stormed, suddenly sobered. "I haven't told you anything!"

"Oh, yes, you have. Here is my witness." He pointed to his drinking companion.

"You damned blackmailing beast!" Fedya was at the man's throat but he struggled free with the cry:

"Police! Police!"

LISA and Victor stood before the judge's bench, bewildered, wondering why they had been summoned from their home.

"You are convicted of a crime," the magistrate droned, "the crime of bigamy." Then he turned to Lisa. "You are accused of contracting a marriage with another man, knowing your first husband was alive."

"But I did not know," she told him.

"When the police called upon you to identify the corpse that was dragged from the river a week after your husband's clothes were found on the bank, how were you so sure it was Fedya Protosov?"

"Oh, I was so terribly distressed that I couldn't bear to look at the body," she sobbed. "Besides, I felt so sure it was he that, when they asked me, I just said yes."

"Naturally you desired to be free from a spendthrift, a drunkard, a man whose dissipation caused you infinite misery," the magistrate went on with an air of assumed tolerance, "and you took this simple course, without counting the cost. And you"—he turned to Victor—"why did you send Protosov 1200 rubles just before he simulated death?"

"Because he was my friend," Victor returned, "and I knew he was in want."

"As a matter of fact," the magistrate thundered, "didn't you and Madame Karenin bribe him to commit a fraud, to pretend suicide in order to rid yourselves of him?"

"Certainly not," Victor protested. "My wife didn't know I had sent Fedya the money until afterward."

"Bring in Fedya Protosov," the magistrate ordered the clerk.

Lisa trembled and clung to Victor. What would he be like now, this laughing-eyed, handsome husband of hers? How could she face him again, face the memories his presence would call forth, the buried hopes, the dead dreams? The door opened and he came in and she forced her gaze to his, forced herself to look at the pitiful wreck, the sunken eyes from which all life seemed to have fled, the wasted frame, shaken by a hacking cough. He took a step toward her as if to clasp her in his arms, to press her to his hungry heart, then he remembered and stopped short. Quickly he exonerated his wife and his friend from all complicity in his strange disappearance. But the magistrate persisted in his probing questioning.

"Don't ask me anything and I will speak as I feel," Fedya finally burst forth. "There were three human beings, I, he and she. We were all engaged in a spiritual struggle beyond your comprehension, the struggle between anguish and peace, between falsehood and truth. Suddenly this struggle was ended in a way that set us free. Everybody was at peace when suddenly a filthy adventurer appeared and demanded that I abet his dirty scheme. I drove him off as I would have driven a diseased creature. But he found you, the appointed guardian of morality, to listen to him, you who, when you have had your fill of showing off your wretched power, are satisfied and sit there and smile."

"Be silent or I'll have you turned out," the magistrate commanded, rising in his wrath.

"What should I be afraid of?" Fedya laughed hollowly. "I am dead and away out of your power. How can you punish a corpse?"

A fit of coughing interrupted him and the magistrate ordered the officers to take him from the room. With a quick stride he was at his wife's side, was kneeling at her feet, kissing the hem of her dress. Then slowly he rose and, with a great effort, pulled himself together and left the room.

THE curious spectators were passing from the court house. A pitiful, wasted figure with uncovered head, unshaven face, mingled with them, the glint of despair in his dark eyes. He had

failed her again. In his wish to bring her peace and contentment, he had heaped new sorrow upon her head. A shot rang out and women screamed as the gaunt figure crumpled up on the stone floor. Lisa, who was leaving the building on the arm of Victor, ran to his side.

"Fedya, Fedya, what have you done?" she cried.

"Forgive me," he murmured weakly. "There was no other way —not for you but for myself."

"You will live, you must live," she sobbed, pillowing his head on her breast.

"No, no. Goodby." He smiled at his wife and his friend, then his eyes closed. The sound of gypsy music came to his ears, soft, muffled, from another world. A faint reflection of the old vagabond glow flooded his face for a moment. "Masha," he whispered huskily, "you are too late. Ah, happiness at last!"

His head fell forward and a sob of a heart that had broken echoed through those cold gray walls, through the temple of justice.

Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 19)

expected, Mary finally left the home of her foster parents.

At that time they were residing in Judsonia, Arkansas, a town not far from Little Rock, where Mary's foster father had formerly been pastor. Mary went to Little Rock in an attempt to get work, but, instead, was persuaded to make her home with a wealthy lawyer and his wife who had always been interested in her voice. She remained with these people for over two years, going to school, studying music and voice. At the end of that time, she left Little Rock with a musical comedy company. The show stranded in San Francisco, and Mary got a job singing at Tait's. The work was strenuous and it never occurred to the girl to save her voice. One night she found that she had lost it entirely.

Fanchon and Marco, who had been putting on the Tait show, kept Mary with them as a dancer and taught her how to put a song over by talking instead of singing it. However, it was a job that promised a livelihood but no future, so, when she reached Los Angeles with Fanchon and Marco, she accepted an offer to try films, made by Al Christie after he had given screen tests to Mary and several other girls of the show. However, during the last month of the six she spent in pictures, Mary's heart was not in throwing custard pies and one night she discovered that she was singing again.

New York, the Mecca of theatrical aspirants, beckoned Mary, and she went there. Her first job was as a chorus girl with the Greenwich Village Follies. But, before rehearsals were over, she was a principal in the show. John Murray Anderson, the director, had heard her sing.

Her second season in New York found her as prima donna of the Ziegfeld Follies, a post she occupied for two years. During this time she continued her voice studies under the excellent tuition of William Thorner, one of the best known coaches in America As a result, her voice continued to improve and eventually attracted the interest of Otto Kahn, wealthy patron of music. Kahn arranged for an audition with Gatti-Cazarri, director of the Metropolitan, and this noted authority told Mary that she had an "opera voice" but needed two years in Europe for study, greater knowledge of languages and acquisition of an opera repertoire. Mary secured a release from her Follies contract, much against Ziegfeld's will, and straightway set sail for Europe.

Her original plan was to treat herself to a vacation on the Riviera, then affiliate herself with some of Italy's many minor opera companies to learn routine. But she got only as far as Paris before these plans were changed. Marie Kousnezova, Russian singer who was then the favorite of Paris, took Miss Lewis under her wing and introduced her to her manager, Alexander Kahn, who advised her to study in Paris for the present. Engaging an Italian maestro and a French coach, Mary set down to extensive work, which was interrupted within a few weeks when the manager announced that he had secured her an opportunity to make her debut in Vienna as Marguerite in "Faust". Mary learned the part in three weeks, made her opera debut in the great Volkopera in Vienna and was an immediate sensation.

The Vienna debut brought her a month's engagement at the Staadt Theatre in Bratislave, Czecho-Slovakia, where operas were presented in French. From there she went to Monte Carlo to sing the role of Musetta in "La Boheme".

From Monte Carlo she journeyed to London to sing for the powers that be of the British National Opera Company. She was engaged for three performances. But one morning her telephone rang frantically. Maggie Teyte, England's beloved lyric soprano who was to have gone on that evening in "Tales of Hoffman", was ill and the opera director, at his wits' end, wanted Mary to fill the vacancy. It happened that Miss Lewis knew this opera but had never seen a performance of it. So she flew to the opera house to be coached in the stage business of the opera and to rehearse for her unexpected debut. It proved a sensational triumph for her and her original schedule of three appearances was changed to thirteen.

After the London season, Mary sang in Monte Carlo and Nice. Then she made her one adventure into light opera, singing the title role in a revival of "The Merry Widow" at the Casino de Paris at the special request of its composer, Franz Lehar, who would give his consent to the performance only on condition that the young American singer fill the leading part.

Her success in this venture brought her an offer from the Shuberts to return to New York at a thousand dollars a week to create the title role of "Princess Flavia" which Sigmund Romberg had just written. Although sore-

(Continued on page 29)

Divorcee

(Continued from page 9)

"Believe me, just letting it ride as you did whipped me plenty. I imagined all sorts of receptions when I got back. This is great."

He made a move as if to embrace her again, but Jerry interposed a cup of coffee between them and cautioned:

"Look out, you'll spill it."

"And, believe me, I've done all the spilling I want to do," he replied, laughing. "Anything new?"

"Helen and Bill are getting married today."

"I suppose we'll have to go."

"They expect us. It was our 'blissful example' that made them do it."

Ted's face sobered.

"Was there an overtone of sarcasm in that, Jerry, or am I looking for trouble."

"Your cheeriness," she answered, looking closely at him, "is truly amazing."

"For God's sake, Jerry, you've got to make up your mind one way or another. I thought you'd already done that."

"When you say unfaithfulness doesn't mean anything, do you mean for women as well as men, Ted?" she asked.

He looked away before answering.

"You don't mean—" he began to question.

"I do mean—just that. I've evened the score, Ted."

His fist clenched.

"Who was the man?"

"That doesn't matter. You've given me some time to think about your unfaithfulness. You can have today to think about mine. I've got to get to work. I'll see you at Helen's wedding party."

She slipped on her hat and coat and went out the door.

HE WAS not home when she returned, so Jerry dressed and went alone to Helen's wedding. At the reception afterward, she was dancing with a tall gentleman to whom she had just been introduced when she caught sight of Ted. He was in his business clothes, his tie awry, and she knew that he was drunk. He staggered over to her and, before she could make a move, he had yanked her partner to one side and was shouting at him:

"So you're the white-haired boy, eh? Well, whether you are or not, you can take this!"

He swung a blow to the man's jaw and laughed as the fellow dropped back.

Don and Bill hurried up and took hold of Ted's shoulders, hustling him out of the room.

When she got home that night, he was packing, a sullen, resentful look on his face.

"Hello, Ted," she greeted as she came in. He made no answer but continued to pack. Jerry laid her hand on his arm and said earnestly, "We're not going to do this, Ted."

"No?"

"Do you want to—do you want to go?" she asked.

"Doesn't make any difference whether I do or not," he answered resentfully.

"Yes, it does! It's the only thing that does make a difference. You couldn't be so hurt if you were tired of me, could you, Ted?" she pleaded, taking hold of both his arms and swinging him around so that he faced her.

He looked away and mumbled:

"You're just trying to put all the blame on me, aren't you? Just alibi stuff."

Jerry's head dropped for a second before she answered:

"No, it isn't. If you're going about with other women, it isn't because you're tired of me—"

"Well, listen," Ted interrupted her. "I'm not the first man in the world who—"

Jerry cut him short.

"Let's not talk about men and women. They do all sorts of things. We have to make our own life. There's so much of it ahead, Ted. I'll never do anything you don't like, I'll never ever think of anybody else." Her voice broke. "I'll forgive you anything. Oh, don't let us make a foolish wreck of it, Ted." She began to sob. "I'll never do anything to make you sorry. Please, darling, forgive me. I can't go on alone. I love you. There's nothing else to do."

"You see, Jerry," he told her, "some place among our friends there's a man—or men—I don't know—and I'll always wonder which one—and how many of them are laughing at me."

"Laughing at you? Why, I came back here tonight and threw myself at your feet, willing to forgive anything you had done or ever will do—and you tell me your vanity is hurt."

"Call it what you will—"

"That I'll never forget. If I'm not worth a small hurdle like that—" Jerry would have said more, but Ted took her by the shoulders and shook her.

"Cut this, will you? It's horrible," he said.

"The looser they are the more they get, the best in the world, no responsibility," she ranted wildly. "I'm going to find out how the Janices do it, my dear, so, in the future, look for me where the primroses grow." She thrust his bag toward him. "Take it and get out. You're the only man in the world my door is closed to.

"Jerry, what are you saying?" Ted demanded.

"I'm telling you that one man isn't good enough to put a woman in jail for life. You haven't enough of anything in the world ever to buy another minute from me, so go back to your Janice. Get out! Get out! Get out!"

A moment later the door slammed behind Ted. Jerry sank down on her bed, exhausted, and put her head between her hands, her body shaken by a storm of dry, rasping sobs.

THE mills of modern divorce "grind slowly but they grind exceeding well". In time Jerry received her divorce. Her friend, Helen, was the first to congratulate her.

"Congratulations! You're free—exactly as you were before you were married."

"Exactly! All I need is a complete set of young illusions and an innocent expression," Jerry returned, a tinge of bitterness in her voice.

"Cheer up!" Helen urged. "I had a good time as an ex-wife. Why shouldn't you? All men are

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fair game. In a year you'll have forgotten the color of Ted's hair."

"I hope so."

THE months that followed Jerry's divorce were swift and exciting ones. She kept the parting promise that she had given to Ted. Hers was indeed a primrose path and it was to few men of her set that her door was closed. She tried to drown in dissipation all memories of her married life. Finally even Helen, the blase, was induced to warn her about her conduct.

"Say, Jerry," she cautioned, "you can't go on like this—drinking black coffee to keep you awake and taking veronal to put you to sleep. You'll wreck yourself."

"Why shouldn't I?" was the tart answer.

One man after another came into her life and she took what she could get and let it go at that. Then, one day, on her way to Montreal, she met Paul again. He still loved her and she was weary of the noise and the confusion of the city. Their old friendship for each other created a stronger bond between them than had any of the other affairs into which she had entered. Paul was still married to Dot but he explained their marriage was only a mockery. Dot was obsessed with her disfigurement and could never forget it. She was not by any means a cheerful wife.

He proposed that they spend a couple of months together aboard his cruiser in some quiet cove, and Jerry readily agreed. These months passed pleasantly and she grew to love Paul's quiet, reserved strength. Then he received word from his company that they had a fine position to offer him in Japan at a much better salary than he had been receiving. He could not bear to leave Jerry and proposed that he secure a divorce from Dot and marry her. In love with him, Jerry listened to this proposal and said that she was willing if it was possible to induce Dot to agree.

On her return to town, she was waiting in her apartment for Paul to come and tell her what arrangements he had made with Dorothy when Helen called. She had been honeymooning with Bill in Paris and she brought news of Ted. He was drinking himself to death in the French capital. The news wrenched Jerry's heart, although even she, herself, could not explain why casual word of him should stir her so much.

Just as Helen was leaving, the doorbell rang and, when Jerry answered it, she found Dot there, heavily veiled to hide her disfigurement. After they had exchanged greetings, Helen, sensing the situation, made her excuses and slipped out of the apartment.

"I want only a few minutes, Jerry," Dot began as soon as they were alone. "I just had to see you." She was about to say more when Paul came into the apartment without knocking, like one who was familiar and at home in the place. He stood looking at Dorothy in surprise but said nothing and she went on speaking. "It's awfully hard. Maybe our marriage hasn't meant much—but there's nothing at all without it. It does give me an excuse for living—being married to Paul. There isn't anything else."

"Now see here," Paul said quickly. "I'm not planning to desert you, Dot. We've talked it all over. I thought everything was arranged. How about it, Dot?"

Before his wife could answer, Jerry spoke up. It was as if a ray of light had suddenly made her way clear to her.

"Just a minute," she said. "I'm afraid Dot's right, Paul. I wouldn't dare to expect to be happy if we did this. What she said brought back something—and I deserved it. Dot married the man she loved. So did I. We all do—if we can. Only she is trying to hang on and I didn't. And I had everything she hasn't. She's willing to go on her knees for the little or nothing it means to her. I sat there suffering every pang she feels—that awful dragging pain in the heart when everything goes. I've never given my word and broken it but once, and that was a promise I made at the altar—with all my heart and soul."

"Jerry, this is just a storm,"

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"I'm terribly sorry," Dorothy said, tears in her eyes.

"Oh, please," Jerry begged, putting her arm about her. "You've saved us all from a terrible mistake. I'm grateful. I don't know whether Ted can ever give me another chance but, wherever he is, I'm going to him to find out."

IT WAS New Year's Eve in Paris when Jerry found out. She had looked for Ted in every place Americans congregate and then she found him in a fashionable dancing restaurant on New Year's Eve, just as the clock struck twelve. There were few words exchanged between them, but their eyes spoke eloquently—and the answer to Jerry's single question was a hug and a fervent kiss.

Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 26)

ly tempted, Mary refused again to shelve her operatic aspirations. She was rewarded six months later when the Metropolitan Opera Company signed her on contract as one of its stars.

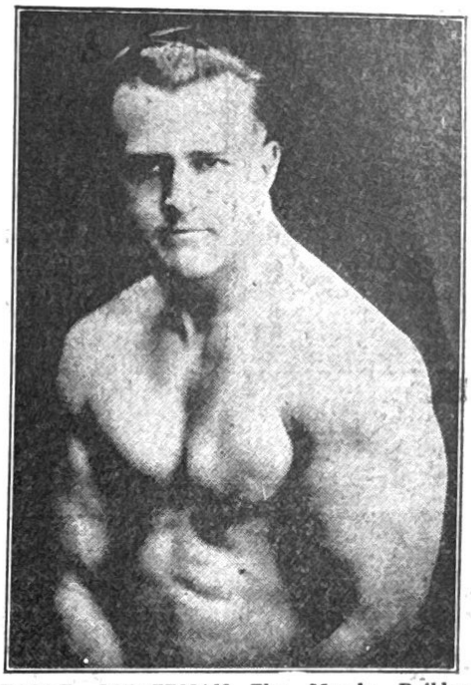
Since that time Miss Lewis has appeared on the concert stage in almost every city of the country. Recently she signed a film contract with Pathe for two pictures, under the terms of which she will receive a salary approximating four thousand dollars for each minute she actually appears on the screen.

That's That

(Continued from page 11)

photograph entirely differently. That is why the addition or the loss of only a few pounds makes such an alteration in screen appearance. The camera always makes one look plumper than in real life, so the best screen weight is probably a few pounds below normal."

In the future we may perhaps have heavyweight, lightweight or middleweight versions of a certain star to meet the realistic demands of the new talking and technicolor pictures.



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Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start? Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days

In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked.

You'll Be A He-Man From Now On!

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. **And you can be that man.** Remember, I not only promise it—I GUARANTEE IT.

Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

Send for my New Book **Muscular Development** 64 Pages and —IT'S FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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The Lost Zeppelin

(Continued from page 17)

their meeting. At the sound of his voice at the door, she would fly to his arms, would be crushed to him, nothing else would matter. But, unknown to herself, as she had listened to the ovation that had greeted Tom at every step of the way, a great change had come over her. Instead of the young man returning at the height of his triumph, in the glory of his youth, his hopes—yes, in his love for her—came another picture, a grave, silent explorer, whose devotion had been big enough, unselfish enough to renounce all for her happiness without a word of reproach, a lone figure lying somewhere in those frozen wastes, his last deed a sacrifice of his own life that he might send her lover back to her. Donald! How her heart yearned over him. Even to see this other man would be to besmirch his memory. She sank down on the divan,staring into space, yet seeing nothing but peaks of ice and snow, eyes, kindly, grave, gazing up at her with the hurt of a wounded animal. Then, through the silence of the frozen wastes, a voice came to her, indistinct at first, then piercing her consciousness by the very force of its excitement.

"Missa Hall! Missa Hall! The radio! The radio!"

She raised her head and, without looking in the butler's direction, rushed to the instrument and turned it on. How often in the past had she done that under similar circumstances. She listened, tense, dry sobs choking her.

"Word has just been received that Lieutenant Wallace who was reported lost has returned to Base Camp No. 1, bringing with him the leader of the Antarctic Expedition, Commander Hall!"

Donald! Alive! Alive! She danced and shouted in her delirium of delight, then rushed to the telephone, caught her friend, Captain Russell, and both talked hysterically and incoherently over the wire.

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"Oh, can I? Can I?" she cried. "Take it for me, will you, Captain?"

And she babbled a message of love and faith to a lone man 10,000 miles away. What she said didn't matter. She didn't remember. She broke into a fit of hysterical sobbing and flung herself on the lounge.

THEY were merry at Base Camp No. 1 in the Antarctic. For the first time in over a month, they had sent an aerial message through and congratulations were being ticked off with tributes to Donald Hall.

The commander was a new man, in fact, his own self again, for, while the world was mourning him as dead in the days when there was no communication, his rugged constitution was pulling him back to health and fitness. The crew was glad to have him among them, and he had announced that he was going to remain with them and continue his explorations of the South Pole.

What else was there for him to do? Home! He shuddered at the word that had no meaning for him. He smiled today at the messages he was receiving. There was only one that could have brought him any pleasure, the message that would never come. But he found himself wondering whether two people might not snatch a moment from their own happiness to send him one word of greeting. He became more interested as the radiograms continued to pour in. But the one for which he longed failed to come.

The radio had been silent for an hour and he was seated at the operating table, puffing his pipe with a detached air. Then, out of the blue, the operator handed him this:

"Donald dear, I am waiting for you. I love you. Miriam."

He read the message again and looked into the smiling eyes of the operator, then shouted like a boy, and the officers gathered about him, bewildered, as he began to inquire the swiftest way to America.

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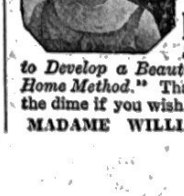

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We want the name for this house quickly, and will pay the winner an extra $100.00 cash just for promptness—or a total of $600.00 in all. Send your suggestion today! The very first name you think of may be worth $600.00 cash to you.

FOLLOW THESE RULES This offer is open to everyone, excepting members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each participant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. Contest closes June 28th, 1930. Should two or more persons submit an equally suitable name for this house, the full amount of the prize offered will be paid to each one so tying. To win the $100.00 CASH PROMPTNESS PRIZE, the winning name must be mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read. This $100.00 CASH PROMPTNESS PRIZE will be added to the $500.00 prize and paid to each one submitting the winning name, provided suggestion is mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read. Any easy, simple name may win.

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"But the South Pole?" stammered one.

"To hell with the South Pole!" the commander roared. "There's only one place for a married man. Home! Home!"

Helping Hearts

(Continued from page 22)

Dear Miss Lee:

My first copy of M. P. S. introduced your H. H. Club to me. It's a wonderful idea. I'd love to join as nothing would please me more than having Pen Pals.

I am five feet 3 inches tall, sixteen years old (or young) and have blonde hair and blue eyes.

I would like to hear from Hank of Boston, Micky of Panama, and Wally of Greenwich Village.

Alice of Kalamazoo.

Write to the pen pals you mention, Alice, and I shall be delighted to forward your letter to them. My first trip when I was a wee lassie was to Menden, Michigan, to visit some cousins. To them Kalamazoo was a great big city and they used to speak of it in awed tones. The name fascinated me and I remember how I loved to repeat it over and over to myself. Somehow I thought it was a place where there were a lot of animals—and they were my chief hobby even as a tiny tot.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I just read about your wonderful Helping Hearts Club and I'm sure I'd love to become a member.

I'm five feet eight inches tall, have very dark brown eyes and hair and weigh about 128 pounds. I am of the Jewish faith. My age is nineteen.

I would like to communicate with some true and fun-loving pals of about my age, especially with Adele of Newark and Marie of Bryant Ave., N. Y. City. Although I am rather busy during the week, I will answer all letters promptly.

Sammy of Brooklyn.

We have many of your faith in our club, Sammy, and I know you are going to enjoy exchanging thoughts with them and with pals of other creeds, too.

"She is Yours, Master!"

SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

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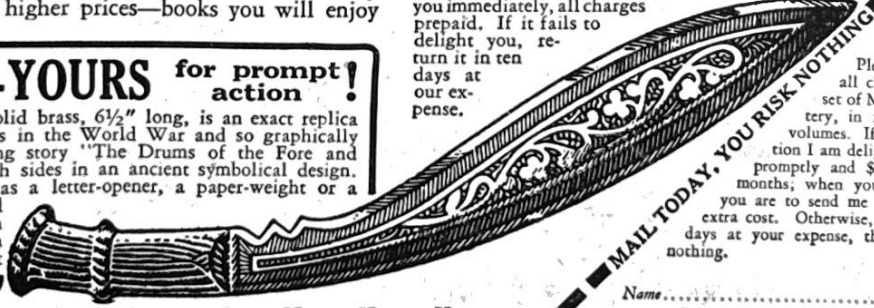

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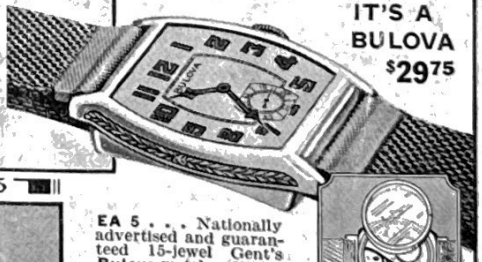

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